This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

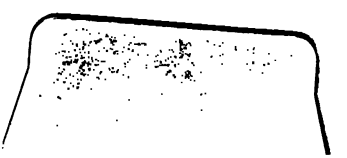
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

46.

1149.



THE

MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.

THE

MOUNTAIN MINSTREL;

OR,

POEMS AND SONGS,

In English,

BY EVAN M'COLL,

AUTHOR OF "CLARSACH NAM BEANN."

"Let those who list, the garden choose,
Where flowers are regular and profuse:
Come thou to dell and lonely lea,
And cull the mountain blooms with me."—HOGG.

A NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.
OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH.

1846.

1149.

LIVERPOOL:
PRINTED BY FREDERICK DUNSFORD,
4, SOUTH CASTLE STREET.

TO

ANGUS FLETCHER OF DUNANS, ESQ.,

ADVOCATE,

Solicitor of Stamps and Taxes for Scotland.

SIR,

THE time for writing "fleechin, fleth'rin" dedications is now, happily, over; and we form an estimate of men's characters rather by a survey of their actions, than by any thing that may be told us in the inflated language of a servile dedicator.

In inscribing the following pieces to you, there is no necessity for justifying my choice, by the attributing of fictitious merit to one, the knowledge of whose

real worth extends much farther than the "Minstrel's" voice may ever hope to penetrate. As the stern, unflinching advocate of public liberty—as the kind, considerate, lenient landlord—as the early, the enthusiastic supporter of the language and manners of the Gael, I owe you a debt of admiration and gratitude;—but this is only in common with my country. It is the generous sympathy expressed,—ay, and the interest actively taken, by you, in the young, unknown, would-be-bard's prospects, from the moment that he first tremblingly consented to try his fate "in print," that now more especially claim his gratitude: this is the only return he can make, and which he is proud to have the present opportunity of manifesting.

I am conscious that the English productions of a Highland peasant must offer but very slight attractions to the man of cultivated taste, familiar with the splendid imaginings of the more favoured sons of genius. But I have seen that the bee does not always love to feast upon the rose—he is sometimes seen extracting sweets from the lowly daisy; and I know that the ear accustomed to drink of the sounds of gravity, has not unfrequently been known to listen with complaisance to the prattling of a child. This,

then, awakens a hope that the rustic wreath of mountain flowers, which a child *in*—I dare not say *of*—Poesy has gathered, may not appear to you altogether as "worthless weeds and vile" among the myriad Eden-like flowers that bloom in the bosom of your own Edina.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

EVAN M'COLL.

CONTENTS.

POEMS.

	PAGE.
The Castle of Lochavich, a Traditionary Tale	1
Definition of a Poet.....	12
Lily Logan.....	13
Evening Address to Lochlomond.....	15
The Metamorphosis.....	18
Allan and Peggy, a Pastoral.....	23
School-boy Love.....	25
To Iona, on visiting that Island in 1832.	27
The Unloving One.....	30
On the Abolition of Slavery in our West India Colonies..	33
My first Steam Carriage Excursion.....	34
Home.....	37
Address to *Slochd-a-chòpair*, and a few of its worthy Inhabitants.....	38
Anna's Eyes.....	41
Ode to the River Beauly.....	43
On a Lady Playing at the Harp.....	46
The Two Sisters; or, Hypocrisy and Affectation.....	48

PAGE.

The Mountain Maid..... 55
The Rout of Benvuidh, a *Piobaireachd*..... 56
The Fisherman's Return..... 58
Musings.. 59
Lines written in an Album, presented to a young Lady.. 61
Young Mary; or, Love in Disguise..... 63
A Visit to Staffa..... 65
On the Death of a beloved Parent..... 69
The Maniac Maiden, a Ballad..... 71
Lines written on Viewing Glen Urquhart..... 73
To the Falling Snow..... 74
Highlands and Lowlands; or, Donald and Sawney Compared..... 76
The Joy of Grief..... 80
To my Father, on his emigrating to America..... 83
Lines written on the Banks of the Findhorn..... 84
Fancies..... 86
Duncansbay Head. Written in an Album kept at the Huna Inn, for visitors to John o' Groat's House 87
My Three Sweethearts..... 88
Craigantairve..... 90
To Mary..... 91
Stanzas addressed to a young favourite Friend, in Absence 93
Elegy on the Death of a young Nobleman..... 96
Lines to a young Poet..... 98
On Viewing Tobermory Bay..... 100
Ellen..... 101
To the Morning Star..... 102
To Dian..... 103
God's Voice heard in the Thunder..... 104
A May-Morning in Glenshira..... 105

PAGE.
Dark Raven Tresses 108
A Dream, Inscribed to "mine own Ladye Love" 109
Lines written on the Banks of the Dee, near Chester 112
The Absent One 113
Sonnet. The Primrose 114
Sonnet. To a Redbreast singing on a November Morning 115
And thou art False 116
Advice to a Young Friend 117
To Margaret, on her Birth-day 119
Stanzas suggested by a Visit to St. John's Market, Liverpool 120
To ——— 122
Stanzas 123
The Captured Bird 125
Where Dwelleth Happiness? 127
Written Extempore in "The Dingle," a scene on the Banks of the Mersey 128
Fragment of an Introductory Sketch, written in a M.S. Annual 130
Lines, accompanying a Birth-day Gift to a young Friend. 133
Loch-duich. *(From the Gaelic.)* 135
On the Death of a very young and lovely Friend. *(From the Gaelic.)* 138
A Lover's Lament, on the Death of his Mistress. *(From the Gaelic.)* 140
To a Friend, in expectation of an Appointment in a certain Public Establishment 144
Lines pencilled on the Blank Leaf of a copy of Hume's Essays, in the Library at Ardmarnock House 145
Lines on Viewing the Picture of a Girl caressing a Dog. 146
Lines written on the Hill of Craigforth 148

SONGS.

PAGE.
The Hills of the Heather 149
The Lassie I love 150
And must I bid a Last Farewell 151
Hieland Annie, O 153
The Maid of Levenside 154
Moidart Mary 155
The Bride 157
The Bonnie Scotch Lass 158
Maggie Stuart 159
The Bonnie Lass I met Yestreen 160
The Shepherd Boy 162
The Flow'ret that blooms in Glenfyne 163
Bella 164
My blessings on thee, Mary 165
O why do I love thee, Glenara? 166
The Brodie is Wed 167
Highland Nancy 169
The Apology 170
Bonnie Isabell 171
When I am far away 172
Away with Love's fetters 173
The Rose that bloom'd by Arrochar 174

PAGE.
I had a Dream of Yesternight 176
The Maid I fancy.. 177
Oh, tell me not of Spring's return..... 178
Mary of Glengyle..... 179
The Forsaken One to her Child..... 180
Glenara's blooming Rose..... 181
O April! Sweet Season..... 183
In the Garb of the Sons of the Mountains..... 184
We Loved..... 185
The Maid of Morven 186
She talks of Friendship..... 187
Roll, roll, ye swelling billows..... 188
To Mary..... 189
Young Ellen..... 190
Lovely Maid of green Islay..... 191
In vain on me you smile, maid..... 192
The Banks of Loch Shin 193
Arrochar Nancy..... 194
O for ae fond hour wi' Annie. 195
Bonnie blinkin' Lowland Lassie..... 197
The Minstrel's Dearie..... 199
The Minstrel to his Harp 201

ERRATA.

Page 104, line 10th from top—for fell, *read* feel.

POEMS.

THE

CASTLE OF LOCHAVICH,

A Traditionary Tale.

THOU who wouldst worship Nature, where
She looketh ever wildly fair,
By Avich's banks of shielings rude,
Of over-hanging rock and wood,—
If on the lake thy skiff doth glide
When twilight falls upon the tide,
Beware how thou dost ply the oar
By Innisluana's haunted shore. (1.)
It is an islet green, where lave
The birch her branches in the wave,
And stands a castle grey;—although
The ash-tree springeth from its side,
It looks upon the flood below
With something yet of feudal pride.

When Night resumes her dusky sway,
The shepherd shuns yon beachward way;
The hunter, be he e'er so bold,
Feeleth his blood run quick and cold,

As with a prayer he hurries by
That pile unhallow'd frowning nigh.
For then between him and the tide
A female form is seen to glide,
And wring her hands and tear her hair,
And sing her wild notes of despair.
"It is the Virgin sprite!" he says—
"Be with me, Powers of good!"
And while he yet doth wildered gaze,
She sinks into the flood.
But list, and you shall hear the tale,
As told by ancient of the Dale.

Glendovan's Chief, for prowess fam'd
In many a minstrel lay—untamed
And fierce as wild boar of the wood,
Lived in Glendovan's solitude,
As want or wayward mood might go,
The dread alike of friend or foe.
But now at length—grown grey in strife,
And closing on the verge of life,
And doubting much if naked sword
Were longer guard for wealth secured
In many a bloody *raid*, when long
His step was on the brae,
And, as his arm was weak or strong,
He deem'd his actions right or wrong,

And was the mightiest among
The mighty in the fray,—
He marks yon rock, and there, ere long
Shall rise red Ardan's castle strong,
Where, if in war no longer famed,
He'll pass life's winter still untamed.
When Art can wield his father's brand,
And chiefs contend for Runa's hand,
(His only daughter, young and mild—
The Sunbeam of Glendovan styled,)
Yes, Ardan, on his castled rock,
His proudest foe right well may mock.

What speck is that upon the wave?
Where hastes that tiny bark so brave?
It hastens off to Erin's shores
In search of Patrick of the Towers. (2.)
No castle then on Albin's coast
Could match with those by Patrick plann'd,
And Erin of no towers might boast
Like those which own'd his master hand.

Famed Patrick found, that little bark
Again is on the waters dark,
And by propitious breezes borne,
Safe reaches now the coast of Lorn.
On haste her crew, o'er waste and wild,
Where Avich lay like sleeping child,

Its cradle Larno's heathy hills,
Its lullaby a thousand rills:
A survey made, they toil away
From early morn till close of day,—
Grim Ardan ill can brook delay.

"Why, Fergus, is that frequent sigh—
That absent mood—that wand'ring eye?
Why often, to thy own disgrace,
For one stone fix'd, a score misplace?
Thou seem'st, my son, as thou wouldst have
Us never more to cross the wave,—
As if the day our task is done
Ye'd have it only just begun!"
Ah, Patrick, *thou* art old and wise,
'Tis long since love could wake thy sighs;
But yet experience might thee show
What Woman's witching smile may do,
And how, in vain, would youth defy
Th' omnipotence of Beauty's eye.

What need I mention with what fire
Young Fergus touch'd the vocal wire?
How, when the daily toil was o'er,
He wander'd oft by Avich's shore,
Or sought, 'mong Dovan's shielings green,
A heaven,—for there may oft be seen,

With maids that tend her father's flocks,
Fair Runa of the golden locks.
There, fondly feigning 'twas to try
How Highland echoes might reply
To green-robed Erin's melody,
He'd touch the harp, and sing, the while,
Some thrilling lay of Erin's isle.
The wond'ring shepherd praised the song—
It seem'd so short, and yet 'twas long;
The milk-maid gave her lilting o'er;
She felt a joy ne'er felt before—
A rapture, not unmix'd with pain,
While list'ning to that magic strain.
But why heaves Runa's bosom bright,
Like wavelet leaping in the light
Of sunbeams upon Avich's tide,
As there she sits by Fergus' side?
Ah, Runa! be upon thy guard—
  Thou lov'st the music well;
Yet frequent sighs may well be spared,
And blushes cannot tell the bard
  How much he doth excel;—
Then tempt him not 'gainst fate to cope:
Alas! what will not minstrel hope?

Time passes on, and Patrick's skill
Is shown to be unrivalled still,

And Avich's Castle soon will stand
The proudest fabric in the land.
But oh, design accursed, abhorr'd—
Resolved is dark Glendovan's lord,
What time the work is wholly done,
To murder Patrick and his son!
By giving them unto the deep,
Their well-earn'd gold himself may keep!
His daughter sees his brow assume
Each day a deep and deeper gloom,
And strives in winsome way to chase
That gloom unwelcome from his face:
So have I seen a sunbeam smile
  Upon some low'ring cloud,
Unconscious that its dark'ning coil
  Is the deep thunder's shroud.

One night, as by his couch she stood
Much wond'ring at his sullen mood,
A dream revealed to Runa's ear
What made her shudder like the sere,
Wan leaf, when howls the autumn blast—
"Yes—son and father must be cast
O'er yonder rock, into the deep—
The flood right well can secrets keep—
Patrick, the gold thou hopest I'll tell
To thee, will portion Runa well!"

Lone virgin, thou indeed mayst quake,
For soon thy father will awake;
His vassals watch—they well know why—
And Murder's hour is drawing nigh.
Silent she left that man of gloom :—
And would Lochavich be the tomb
Of that young voice of Melody—
That vision of her secret sigh?
He whom, alas—she cannot tell—
Yet feareth much, she loves too well.
No, Fergus! though thy music be
  So dear to Runa's heart,
And though she well may deem that she
Is dearer far than life to thee,
  Still, still, thou must depart;—
This very hour must warn thee—why
Should Runa live if Fergus die?

'Twas midnight—and Night's youthful queen
  Had gone to sleep behind yon hill;
Upon Lochavich's breast serene
  Her parting smile seem'd still
To linger, as if loth to die
Amid such sweet tranquillity.
Sweet lake! *thy* breast may well be calm;
Thou hast no secret love—no qualm

Of hope or fear—no bloody sire—
No lover doom'd to flood or fire!
So Runa thinks, as, in that hour,
She speeds along yon reedy shore,
Like guardian angel of the Just,
To warn her soul's best loved,—and, list!
She sings; the echoes hear the strain,
And, sympathetic, sing again—

"O Fergus! haste thee o'er the deep,
Or soon may Ardan's daughter,
Heart-broken, weep,
While thou shalt sleep
Beneath dark Avich's water!

"My father's dagger longs to leave
The sheath in which 'tis sleeping;
Then o'er the wave
Thy life to save,
And Runa, woe and weeping!"

Such was the sad foreboding lay
That wander'd on the zephyr's wing,
And scared the wild-fowl from the bay
Near which the beauteous thing
That waked those tones of sadness, stands,—
And waving oft her lily hands,
She seem'd of those fair forms that sing
In haunted dell to shepherd late,

Or Mercy's Angel beckoning
Some wrath-doom'd soul to Heaven's gate!

Ye streamlets, why so rudely rush?
Thou careless breeze of midnight, hush!
What if young Fergus may not hear?
What if dread Ardan's step is near?
Thy cheek is wet, but not with dew—
Alas, Glendovan's flower!
Why bears the tide no friendly prow
To waft thee to the bower
In yonder isle, where, it may be,
Thy lover sleeps, and dreams of thee?

Again unto that midnight song
The echoes have replied:
What voice is that which comes along
Responsive o'er the tide?
O pray that it may Fergus be!
Joy thrills her heart—'tis he, 'tis he!

Dear is the long expected rain
Of summer to the thirsty plain,
And sweet to heart of mother mild
The accents of a long lost child;
But sweeter still than *this*, to hear
The voice of Beauty kind and near,

And dearer far than *that*, to prove
The depth of Beauty's long-hid love.

This Fergus felt;—for well he knew
It was his Runa's voice, and he,
To love alone that moment true,
Makes haste for yonder bay;
Fast plies his hand the bending oar,
And fast his skiff flies to the shore,
And Runa soon will him explain
The meaning of that midnight strain.

Lone maiden! why dost thou renew
That tone beseeching? dost not view
Thy love already on the beech?
O Heaven! a well-known voice doth reach
Thy ear—it is—it is thy sire!
A demon laugh revealed his ire;
He heard thy song;—the wolf is meek
Compared with Ardan's fury wild,
As to that shore he hastes to wreak
Revenge on his own child.
His brandish'd steel now glitters nigh,
Yet, "fly! devoted Fergus, fly!"
Was still that maiden's anguish'd cry.

In vain, O Fergus, thou art brave,—
In vain thou rushest on to save

Thy Runa from her father's sword—
His minions thine own blood have poured,
But with thee dies Glendovan's lord.

Such is the ancient's tale—two heaps
Above yon beach are seen;
The one red Ardan's ashes keeps,
His daughter 'neath the other sleeps
With him she loved, I ween.
The herd-boy yet, in passing by,
Adds to each cairn a stone;
The stranger, with a pitying sigh,
Thinks of the early gone,
And brands with execration brief
Thy memory, Dovan's demon-chief!

DEFINITION OF A POET.

"The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad;
Some deem'd him wonderous wise, and some believed him mad."

BEATTIE.

A SMILING, weeping, rainbow thing;
A show'ry sunshine of the Spring;
A thing that fain from earth would fly,
Yet scarcely fitted for the sky;
A thing to whom—by beauty given—
A frown is hell, a smile is heaven!
The friend of truth, past contradiction,
And yet the very slave of fiction;
The mortal foe of vanity,
Yet no one half so vain as he;
Th' idolater of virtue's charms,
Yet often seen in vice's arms.—
A thing, though seeming rude and wild,
Ev'n meekness might have call'd her child:
A thing of rapture-beaming eye,
Yet pallid cheek, and frequent sigh—
Of threadbare coat, and, what is worse,
An ever, ever empty purse!

"A sunbeam in a winter's day,"
But scarcely seen when 'tis away;
A vapour in the whirlwind's pow'r;
A dew-drop glittering for an hour;
A flower that in the shade doth blow,
Unheeded till its head is low!
A strain that sweetly strikes the ear,
But ere we scarcely know from where
It comes—it dies— and we are sad;—
A trembling star at close of even,
That decks the western verge of heaven
A moment, and is fled:
Such is the poet—such his state,
Such the sad emblems of his fate!

LILY LOGAN.

O Lily Logan! thou art fair—
Unknown to sin or sorrow;
A being in some blissful sphere
Who'd love to shine beyond compeer—
Love's Queen, when she would gods ensnare,
Might well thy graces borrow!

O Lily Logan! thou art sweet
As breath of opening roses,
Bright as that gem which first is set
In Night's resplendent coronet,
Pure as the dew on violet,
And soft as music's closes.

O Lily Logan! wert thou mine,
Unto this heart to press thee
Would often be my task divine,—
Nor with my life would I resign
Thy love;—in heaven itself I'd pine,
If there, fond one! I'd miss thee.

Yet, Lily Logan! thou shalt be
Clasp'd to this bosom never;—
Soon, soon shall yonder restless sea
(My own heart's emblem!) hurry me
From hope, and happiness, and thee—
Farewell, then, ever! ever!

EVENING ADDRESS TO LOCHLOMOND,

ON VIEWING IT IN AUGUST, 1832.

Queen of Waters! Queen of wonders! (3.)
In a tide of transport lost,
Raptured gaze I on thy grandeurs
Here, upon thy fairy coast.

Mighty mirror of the Highlands!
Cold's the heart that feels no glow,
Viewing thee with all thy islands,
Heaven above, and heaven below!

Sunbeams sleeping on thy margin,
Zephyrs dying on thy breast—
Seem'st thou like fair blushing virgin
Smiling in her slumbers blest.

Mountains round, in grand confusion,
Propping up the high concave,
While below, the sweet illusion
Overturns them in the wave.

Verdant woods of giant stature,
Countless flocks thy banks adorn;
Scenes of innocence and nature,
Was it thus Creation's morn?

See! above, the eagle soaring—
Quick through ether now he dives;
Stop, rash bird! the prey alluring
Was thyself—he seeks the skies.

Do I see thee, giant mountain!
Yes—but who of *thee* can sing?
Native bard, by native fountain,
Fittest thou to touch that string.

By yon beach, where oft the billow
Sings its lullaby and dies,
Sports the angler, ruthless fellow!
With his silver-spangled prize.

From yon sylvan isle returning,
Glides the swan in beauty's pride,
Bright as sunbeam of the morning,
Fairer far than Eastern Bride.

Nature now is hush'd to silence
Save in yonder heathy dell,
Where the son of licensed violence
Still pursues his pastime fell.

Hark! it is the youthful shepherd
Whistling on his downward way
To the fold where lately, upward,
To the milking went his May.

See the smiling tenant yonder,—
Like his shade his hopes expand,
As he views the waving wonder,
Fields of gold at his command.

Now thy breast, glad lake, is beamless;
Gently on thee falls the dew;
Though thy sleep be deep and dreamless,
Still a smile sits on thy brow.

Vanish'd is the beam which crimson'd
Yonder sky-sustaining pile,
And like captive newly ransom'd,
See how Vesper now doth smile!

'Tis the hallowed hour of gloaming;
Elves already hover nigh;
Lo! where moonbeams kiss the Lomond,
How the fairy oar they ply.

From his lair the fox is stealing;
Night birds sing day's doleful knell;
Wood and flood, and fold and shieling,
Cairn and corrie, now farewell!

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

SINCE moralizing's out of fashion,
And gossipping the "ruling passion,"
We shall for once commence informer,
And sing you of a certain charmer.

And first, we would be glad to state here,
How lords and lairds were "wooing at her,"
In youthful prime, when every charm
Of hers a monarch's heart might warm;
How many Colins she had slain,
How many Strephons sigh'd in vain;
How many sonnets in her praise
Were penn'd by bards of other days:
But lest ye'd think our tale too long,
We'll leave her 'dancing-days' unsung.

Behold—her gay meridian past,
Her charms deceitful fading fast,
Her fond admirers getting rare,
Her hope fast dwindling to despair—
Behold her cursing pride and painting,
And wisely fall in love with *sainting*,
As many of her sisters do

When we, poor sinners, cease to sue.
No more she's seen where virgins meet;
No more she shuns the noontide heat;
Her waist is now not half so small;
She never speaks of rout or ball;
Morality's her favourite theme,
And chastity her darling dream.
In her opinion joy and mirth
Should quite be banish'd from the earth;
Nay, she will undertake to prove
The world were better wanting love;
That beauty is but pure vexation,
And fashion mortal's chief damnation;
That courting is a thing unlawful;
That kissing is—how very awful,
And never ought to be allowed
By wedded dame or virgin woo'd.
Of him who nightly stemm'd the tide
To Hero, or the Muses' pride,
Frail Sappho, if you once but speak,
She's in hysterics for a week.
If you but mention cooling shades,
Or trysting trees, or marriage-beds,
Her virgin purity you wound,
She faints to hear the very sound.
Recovered, how she makes her plaint
That lads and lasses are so bent

On what Saint Paul would never do,
On what so many thousands rue!
Yet some suspect her own deep sigh
Is heaved because her fears are high
That dalliance ne'er will be her lot,
That Hymen has her quite forgot.

Behold her now admiring Nature,
Enraptured with her every feature,
And marvelling men ever should
Be more thought of than blocks of wood;
"Herself, were it but for their beard,
Would hate the monsters, 'pon her word!"
And now, in deeds of virtue strong,
She'll pass for *saintess*, right or wrong.
So full of charity she's grown,
Each cast-off mantle, shoe, and gown
Are duly sent to clothe the poor;
Pale hunger, laughing, quits her door:
And, then, she visits all the sick,—
Was ever lady half so meek?
Condemns *Sir Walter*, quotes good *Boston*,—
Was ever lady half so Christian?
O how it fills her with surprise
That any body should tell lies;
That laughing is not thought unholy;
That dancing is not banish'd wholly;

That eating is allow'd on Sunday,
And sleeping not delay'd till Monday!

Exalted mind! ashamed be all
Who *this* would mere pretension call;—
Yet there be those who will maintain
'Tis that, or something worse—they've seen,
Her pious self oft give a lurch
Not quite beseeming in a church;
Yea sleep, profound as any snail,
Or turtle, in its shelly mail,
Though ne'er so much, for her soul's welfare,
The preacher may have painted hell-fire.
A prayer-meeting lately she
Attended in most holy key;
A psalm is given forth—our saint,
Smelling of perfume and of paint,
Turns up her book, when, lo! that rake,
Don Juan, carried by mistake.
But flippant fame and sly report
Oft say too many things in sport.

Is't possible! Mysterious fate!
Behold her now in married state;
A certain swain her pence did covet,
And soon she was his 'dear beloved.'

O Hymen, dread transforming god,
What changes follow at thy nod!
The angel forms of Cupid's day,
Become much like to mortal clay;
Enchanting syrens learn to be
Most in the curtain lecture key;
Adored Clarindas wear the *trews*,
And goddesses turn famous shrews.

But turn we to our heroine:—
With less of "spirit" than of spleen
She roams about as proud as ever,
And rails at each unhappy lover;
Forgets her charities and creeds;
For sick or naked never heeds;
Laughs, sleeps, and eats, and drinks, and plays
On Sundays just like other days,
And, doff'd of all her borrow'd plumage,
Behold her of *herself* the image!
So, once in place, your patriot crack
Oft creeps, Corruption's servile hack;
So butterflies, for aught we learn,
To dirty grubs again return.

ALLAN AND PEGGY.

A PASTORAL.

HAVE ye seen the sweet maid whom I love?
Though she seems so angelic to view,
O no, she is not from above,
She is only the fairest below.

The fairest in form and in face,
The fairest in manner and mind;
The fairest in every grace
That to beauty on earth can be joined.

My love is a tyrant—her charms
Make captives wherever she goes;
But the slave found against her in arms
May his life but in slavery close.

She fetters the soul with her voice,
She fetters the heart with her eyes;
Her chains are the chains of our choice;
We are bound, yet we bless the fond ties.

Not the rose of the wild can compare
With the blushes that play on her cheek,
And the lily would die in despair
Had it seen the bright glow of her neck.

Oh! to see her, my beautiful one!
The ringlets of gold on her brow
Seem like clouds that encircle the sun
When it sets on a mountain of snow.

When she moves 'mid the nymphs on the green,
Like a fay to the music of mirth,
I could fancy a child of the Sun
Come to see the glad daughters of Earth.

For, then, like a vision of light
She glideth amid the bright throng;
Age kindles with joy at the sight,
Love swells in the breasts of the young.

Doth she smile—heaven opes on our view;
Doth she speak—music floats on the ear;
Doth she sigh—it is melody, too;
Doth she weep—I could drink each fond tear,—

For they flow at the tale of distress;
The woes of mankind are her own;—
What, O what then his woes can express
To whom only her heart is a stone!

So Allan sung down by the burn,
Unseen, Peggy heard all the while;
Then sung the sweet maid in her turn,
As she rush'd to his arms with a smile:

"I come, dearest Allan! I come
For ever to drown thy despair—
Allan quick to his heart and his home
Took young Peggy the Pride of Lochgair."

SCHOOL-BOY LOVE.

My uncle told me, t' other day,
If love—as he had reasons many
To think—made me so slack at *Gray*,
I never could be worth a penny.—

Last evening, when, to try my skill,
He bade me 'gin to parsing Lennie,
Said I:—Dear uncle, with your will,
I'd rather 'gin to *praising* Annie.

When Phœbus, setting, tinged with gold
The clouds:—"Saw you e'er aught so bonnie?"
O yes, good uncle, yes, I told,—
I saw the golden locks of Annie!

At night he mark'd the starry sky:—
"How bright they shine!" I answer'd cannie,
I seldom look so very high,
While brighter shine the eyes of Annie.

When seeing nothing else had charms:—
"We'll send thee to the army, ninny;"
"Dear *Unc*, I like to be in arms,
But, then, they are the *arms* of Annie."

Resolved to punish me at last:—
"Since you can be so very funny,
I'd have you try how you can fast—
No doubt, you'll live by kissing Annie!"

Thank you, uncle,—angel diet!
Said I, hasting to my honey:—
"Life, my love, hangs on thy fiat—"
Kissing me, "Then live," said Annie.

TO IONA.

ON VISITING THAT ISLAND IN 1832.

—"The sacred isle;
From which, as from a fountain, God's own light
Stream'd o'er dark Europe."

TALFOURD.

OH sacred to the good and brave!
Thrice hallowed island of the wave,
IONA! at the very sound,
A thousand visions float around
My raptured fancy,—ages gone
Return in all their glory on
My wond'ring sight—I seem to live
A fragment of the Past,
A thing forgotten by the Grave,
Here to behold, at last,
The proud memorials of her reign,
And learn to feel how Might in vain
A triumph o'er the tomb would find,
Unless it be the Might of Mind.

Here, while I gaze, O sacred isle!
On mossy tomb and ruined pile,

Where saints and heroes live in stone,
Where prince and peasant lie as one,
Where heavenly Truth, like Noah's dove,
The leaf of Everlasting Love,
To lands in floods of darkness toss'd,
Revealed—nor was the labour lost,—
Here feels my soul a holy glow,
I dream of blissfulness below;
Here feels my soul the patriot's flame,
I, too, could wish to have my fame;
Here, spite of Time's reforming skill,
Could wish the past were present still,
And thou, lone mourner of the sea,
The heaven which thou wert wont to be!

Oh, could my muse—unskill'd to sing
Of mitred priest or sceptred king—
Oh, could she dare to wing her flight
To scenes in glory's roll once bright;
Or could yon awful sport declare
How much of valour, virtue, there
In dark oblivion's shroud do lie,
Though worthy immortality,—
My verse of nobler deeds would tell
Than ever graced Crusading zeal;
Of deeds more glorious, generous, sage,
Than ever swell'd Homeric page;

Of deeds by Scotia's sons achieved,
By Scotia's sons now scarce believed;
Of deeds whose fame, in song sublime,
Should flourish in the age of Time.

Farewell, bless'd isle! some nobler bard—
For thou art worthy his regard—
May yet do justice to a theme
Of which my muse may only dream;
May sing of minds whose gloomy worth
Once awed and govern'd half the earth; (3.)
Do homage to a nobler band
Who Pagan soil made Christian land;
Snatch virtue half-way from the tomb;
Leave beauty not in vain to bloom; (4.)
Nor to thy sons, O Freedom! too,
Like me unworthy bid adieu.

Farewell;—on Ocean's azure breast
The golden sun now sinks to rest;
Our boat is waiting in the bay,
And wafted from thee sad away,
Too soon the shades of envious night
Shall hide thee ever from my sight,
Yet, hallow'd isle, in Memory's eye
Thou'lt live, till Memory's self must die,

A star to cheer her darkest night,
A dream of beauty gone,
A sacred scene of sad delight,
Still, still to muse upon,
Till fancy, feeling, all, shall fail—
Once more, enchanting isle! farewell.

THE UNLOVING ONE.

VISION of my slumbers!
Idol of my fancy!
Tell me in what numbers
Shall I woo thee, Nancy!
Or how from my heart chase love's ever hopeless frenzy.

Might thy cruel scorning
Yield to music gay,
Skylark in the morning
Never pour'd her lay
In heaven with half the joy my warblings would betray.

Or could notes of sadness
Wake for me thy sighs,
With a hidden gladness,
Soon my song would rise,
Like song of wounded swan, that, sadly singing, dies.

As the arrow driven
Through *her* bleeding breast;
As a glance of heaven
To a soul unblest,
Who in that glance but finds his wretchedness increased.

As a starlet, looking
On some wreck-strewn tide,
With its brightness mocking
The destruction wide,
So is to my fond heart thy beauty and thy pride!

What though all unmatchéd
Be thy mein and mould,
Would the slave less wretched
Feel, if chained with gold?
The victim of the rack, should crimson him enfold?

Tell, bewitching creature!
Tell me why thou art
Angel in each feature,
Tyrant in thy heart?
A rosebud, that yet wills no odour to impart?

Suns were made to warm us,
Stars, to cheer us, shine,

Soars the lark to charm us
With her song divine—
O think not less to please such peerless graces thine!

Why upon me ever
From my charmer's eye,
Love, as from a quiver,
Let thy arrows fly,
And on her own cold heart thy prowess never try?

Ah! too well Love knoweth
The attempt were vain;
Fortune seldom sheweth
Grace to minstrel swain,
And music less than gold the smiles of Beauty gain!

Memory, gift of Heaven
To the happy, gay—
To me wert thou given
Only to dismay?
A vulture in my breast, exulting o'er thy prey?

Hopeless love, bright maiden!
Is a fever strong,—
But the grave once laid in,
We sleep sweet and long:
Alas, that Lethe's stream flows but in idle song!

ON THE

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN OUR WEST INDIA COLONIES.

Rejoice, O my country! lo, freed is thy name
Of the leprosy-spot which long sullied thy fame;
Hold Truth, Mercy, Justice, a glad jubilee—
The wrong'd sons of bondage are now, at length, free.

I heard a glad murmur; o'er ocean it came;
'Twas the blessing of Gratitude—Freedom's acclaim—
As the fiend of Oppression received his death-wound,
As the Dagon of Slavery fell to the ground!

Oh Afric! no more, as the wolf doth his prey,
Shall her offspring be snatch'd from the mother away;
No more, as the vulture doth pounce on the dove,
Shall the maiden be torn from the youth of her love—

By the Christian? ah no! by hyenas disguised,
Despoilers of mankind, by hell only prized!
By hell only pitied, so now let them moan,—
Their gain was unhallow'd, their hearts were of stone.

Ye stars, if 'tis true that ye sing on your way,
Be the chorus for once, Since "each dog has his day,"
Let the spoiler be spoiled, let the merciless mourn,
Let the driver be driven, for now 'tis his turn.

Shout! shout! ye grey rocks—wake your deep echoes all;
Bear, ye winds, the glad tidings to nations in thrall;
Join, earth, ocean, heaven, in one happy glee,
And be the sweet song, Now the bondman is free!

MY FIRST

STEAM CARRIAGE EXCURSION.

THE fares are paid—'twixt fear and hope,
We hear, "Just to depart;"
Our seats are ta'en—the steam is up—
And now we're on the start!

"There, hurry! hurry! off ye go,
Thou magic-working thing!
Though doom'd to move on earth below,
The eagle on the wing,

'Mong clouds fierce darting on her prey,
Glides not more swift than thee,
Untiring still, away, away,
Upon thy journey free!

There! there! like Hecate on her broom,
Or Scott on Satan's back—
Or meteor through the midnight gloom—
Or arrow on its track,—

Or Eurus on his car of clouds—
Or Lora's leaping tide—
Or rushing of the torrent floods
Down Cruachan's streamy side,—

Or like the swift and sudden gleams
Of sunshine passing by—
Or fancy in excursive dreams,—
From scene to scene we fly!"

Thus far a bard.—A pause ensued—
Some felt as on the rack;
Some, as if travelling in a cloud
Upon the whirlwind's back.

"Gramercy Willie! dost thou see
How north the hillocks roll?
That rowan tree, I tell to thee,
Will soon be at the Pole!

That house—that house! Oh, see—my star!
If at that rate it trots,
In hauf an hour, it will be far
Mair north than John O' Groats!"

So sung, or said, a Paisley man—
Friend Willie sobb'd, "I swear,
If things gang sae, Van Diemen's lan'
Will soon be at us here."

"Our nag is good," a fourth remark'd—
Needs neither corn nor stall—
No rest needs he, however work'd,—
My troth! but he beats all.

"Tell us no more of Gilpin's feat,
"At Edmonton so gay;"
Nor yet of Johnny Cope's retreat
From Falkirk's fatal fray.

"Not swifter, over field and fell,
Our horse and we could fly
Than if we had just 'scaped from h——
With Satan in full cry."

Thus on we go—what! can it be
Old Airdrie? by the Powers,
'Twas but the other minute we
Left fair St. Mungo's towers!

When, whiss! a something forth did sound,
Like breath of polar whale,—
And while our heads are spinning round,
We light on *terra* hale.

HOME.

O WHY am I sad when I leave my own Cot?
Why the sweet daisied green not in absence forgot?
Fair dells, where first bashful the love-song I wove,
Why seem ye still fairer the farther I rove?
Why are friendship's fond accents, unheeded before,
Now thought on, with rapture, a thousand times o'er?
'Midst nature's far grandeurs half mournful why roam?
Let him answer who wanders from friendship and home.

Though courteous the stranger—the city though fine—
Though music and beauty to charm me combine—
Though rich be the banquet, and high be the cheer,
Why still am I joyless?—My home is not here.
Then let me again seek the Cot on the moor,
And learn from my wand'rings to prize it the more;—
From an Eden afar, I, with transports, would come
To the Glen of my birth—to my sweet Highland Home!

ADDRESS

TO SLOCHD-A-CHÒPAIR,*

AND A FEW OF ITS WORTHY INHABITANTS.

Hail, Slochd! law-teeming town,—though dame Justice, I own,
Is, and was, in thee ever a bare hum,—
Of good men thou may'st boast—still thou art but the ghost
Of the virgin-pure, whig-martyr'd Sarum.

Fiscal Paw, Fiscal Paw, when buffoonery is law,
Thou wilt sit, there's no doubt, on the Woolsack,
Which, if changing its name, with much justice might claim
Evermore to be titled the *Fool*sack!

Bailie Brose, Bailie Brose, dost thou really suppose
That, with all thy pride, prating, and *siller*,
Thou canst hide what thou art? Dunce! in spite of thy heart,
Nature cries out, "The son of a miller!"

---

* The ancient Gaelic name of a certain Royal Burgh, not a hundred miles *from Inveraray*.—

Provost Pate, Provost Pate, 'twould be folly complete
Of thy craft or thy cunning to brag;
These betoken some spirit;—as for thee, thy sole merit
Is to know what is best for thy bag.

Banker Will, Banker Will, fain the minstrel would tell
That thou art a son worthy thy father,—
But the world would cry shame, and I scarcely could blame,—
He knew best how to give than to gather.

Sandy Fee, Sandy Fee, I must whisper to thee,
Though I like how the *clique* thou hast bang'd,
For a leaning to ruth, or the telling of truth,
Ye'd be last in the world to be hang'd.

W-ls-n, ho! W-ls-n, ho! when you would be a beau,
Little thought you we saw but the monkey;
Were thy form of a kind with the gifts of thy mind,
Thou wouldst make a most capital donkey!

Johnnie Snout, Johnnie Snout, with thy clerkship, no doubt,
Thou art licensed to sneer at the rabble;
But were all things placed right, where wouldst *thou* be to night?
In the place thou didst come from—the stable!

Parson Squat, Parson Squat, let us see what ye're at—
At the 'loaves,' all may guess by thy face;
If the itch of translation be the sign of salvation,
Thou'rt indeed on the highroad to grace.

Saint Munro, Saint Munro, show the 'Poor's money,' show!
From the *plate* much too late thou wert back kept;—
When you bankrupt became, all the world thought it shame
You were not—as you ought—rather, *neck-rop'd!*

Timber Bob, Timber Bob, when thou wert in the web,
Nature wonder'd how ev'ry thing brutal,
Rude, and heartless, and mean, would look, cramm'd in one skin,
And in thee found, at length, the 'sum total!'

Jocky Mars, Jocky Mars, when thou wert in the wars,
Though thy back was oft turn'd on the French,
I, in justice, must own it was ne'er turned upon
A good dinner, a bottle, or wench.

Doctor Crutch, Doctor Crutch, with thy pills are made rich
Two things—namely, the Grave and thyself;

Arm'd with scythe though he be, Death, compared unto thee,
Is an old-fashioned poor harmless elf.

Farewell, Slochd, now, farewell;—ne'er may *mountain-dew* fail
Thy bold sons, aye the gill-stoup's best patrons;
May'st thou ne'er want for scribes, saints, and knaves—all one tribe—
Church-drones, land-sharks, and gossipping matrons!

ANNA'S EYES.

My Anna's form, my Anna's face,
Fain would my trembling pencil trace;
But fancy will not compromise,—
She bids me sing of Anna's eyes.

Theirs is the lustre of the sloe,
The softness of the pearly dew;
The stars that laugh when daylight dies
Seem not so bright as Anna's eyes.

'Tis sweet, when waking from her dreams,
To view young Morning's laughing beams;
Far sweeter beams my soul doth prize—
The beams of love in Anna's eyes.

All ye whose hearts are made of steel,
Who lack the luxury—to feel,
O look! and—own, with ecstacies,
A heaven in my Anna's eyes.

Yes, yes, they are Love's hallow'd shrine,
Their radiance is indeed divine;
Be thine, my heart, to sacrifice
For ever to fair Anna's eyes.

The patriot will forget the soil
That nursed him—bards, the muses' smile
Saints will forget the very skies,
Ere I forget my Anna's eyes.

ODE

TO THE RIVER BEAULY.

O FANCY! phantom of the brain,
Since thou must con a new lay,
Shall Ness the theme be of our strain?
Or Nevis, wild, unruly?
Or wilt thou take
Thy flight where make
Her way through rocks the Beauly,
And laughing, leaps into the plains
Where Plenty smiles on happy swains?

I've stood by Foyers in its wrath
O'er rocks of granite bounding;
Gazed on the Braar's terrific path;
Heard Lora's voice astounding. (5.)
Ah! nature there
Is rudely fair,
But, Beauly, thee surrounding
Are scenes that fairyland might grace—
The beauty-spots on Nature's face!

Here, playfully thou rollest on,
Like laughter-loving folly;
There, slow, and weary of thy din,
And dark as melancholy,
Thou wand'rest where
To mad despair
Thyself thou givest wholly,
While rocks are shatter'd in thy frantic sweep,
And aged Echo mocks thy moanings deep.

Methinks I see thee, as along
Yon wizard pass thou wendest
Thy way, a captive fierce and strong,
Till, freedom-like, thou rendest
The rocky chain
That strives in vain
To fetter thee, and sendest,
As from thy prison thou dost leap, a tone
Of triumph far, to shew thy might has won!

The trees that overhang yon steep,
Their shadows o'er it flinging—
The gulf in miniature—the sweep
Of water-fall, fierce springing
From rock to rock,
With flash and shock,

An awful anthem singing—
All tell, O Beauly! when thy DREAM she made,
Nature was in a *dream*ing mood indeed.

O scene most magically wrought,
What minstrel pen can paint thee?
Thy charms, fantastic beyond thought,
Art never could have lent thee:
Bewitching spot!
I wonder not
The muses love to haunt thee;—
And long, sweet Dream, may they delight to stray
Through thee with tuneful, king-descended
HAY. (6.)

Majestic flood! methinks I see
Thee now past all commotion,
Like virtue to eternity,
Glide calmly to the ocean;
Soon in thy grave,
The German wave,
Shall ever cease thy motion:
Cease—deathless thing! till time shall cease to run,
Thy race is finish'd and yet but begun.

ON

A LADY PLAYING AT THE HARP.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. R. C. EDINBURGH.

She knelt beside the harp,—her hand
  Of snow pass'd o'er the strings,
And soon, like strains of fairy land,
Or anthem of some seraph band
  That to heaven's altar brings
The tidings of a lost one found,
Flow'd melting melody around.

Anon, as if in envy of
  The harp's rich harmony,
She sings—it is a song of love,—
And while her fairy fingers move
  The wires, I think on thee,'
Malvina! when, in Selma's hall,
Thy song was of thy Oscar's fall.

Spirit of Sorrow, didst thou hear
  Those sounds, divinely sweet,

How quick would banish'd be thy tear!
Despair himself, a listening near,
  Would learn to bless his fate,
Lank Avarice be in mood to give,
And Suicide think it sweet to live!

O Woman! who would not resign
  An Eden for thy sake?
A world that owns such charms as thine,
A world where Anna's voice divine
  Such melody could wake—
May simple minstrel be forgiven
If sometimes he may think it heaven!

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR, HYPOCRISY AND AFFECTATION.

There are some honest folk who would be
What Nature scarcely meant they should be;
Your rhymers rank among this tribe—
For instance there's myself, your scribe;
But since what such so fain would seem,
Is what they really love, esteem,
Poor souls! we bid them quick adieu—
I see Hypocrisy in view,
With cherub front and heart of toad,
The foulest, fairest work of God!
Though claiming to be nature's child,
Nature rejects the bastard wild.

But yet the dame's of high degree,
In courts first sprung her pedigree;
True aristocrat in her breed,
A downright zealot in her creed,—
Yet known to live in humblest cot;
And changing principles with lot;

Of circumstances quite the scullion,
A specimen of the cameleon!
Some say—but sure it is in mirth—
The Pope was present at her birth;
Some will maintain her *modest* face
Bespeaks a methodistic race,
And that the *Adam* of her tribe
Was mongrel pharisee and scribe.
'Tis true some likeness doth abound,
But yet such reasoning's unsound;
The creature was e'er since the flood—
In proof behold her countless brood,
And all so marvellously good!
Alas for them, we sometimes see
That creeds and deeds don't always 'gree,
We see—it oft may be too late—
But then we see to scorn and hate:
And why?—because we know they are
So far from being what they dare
To seem, as earth is from the sky,
As tiger's growl from harmony!

But tell, my muse, the reason why
This damsel of the downcast eye
And angel face—for such hath she,
All serpent-hearted though she be—

O tell why she's so much respected,
When plain Sincerity's neglected?
Is it that, with her aid, at ease,
We change to any shape we please;
Be more than felon-steep'd in crime,
Yet pass for pious all the time;
From crowds applauding reap the fame
Of virtues only known by name;
Lie with a more than demon guile,
Yet lisp like angels all the while!
Is it that, in her mantle spacious,
We can seem good, or grave, or gracious,
Or any thing that serves our turn,
Though what at heart we most may spurn?
So snakes, at times, are said to sing,
To lure the flutterer on the wing;
So anglers shift th' illusive fly,
To tempt the scaly brood to die.

Wouldst thou be thought a child of grace—
Wear constantly a serious face,
Rant day and night 'bout good and evil,
Be loud in railing at the devil;
Nor ever laugh—but often sigh,—
And soon thou'lt find, unto thy joy,
Thy very spleen and melancholy
Styled strictly saintlike and most holy!

Wouldst thou be thought "exceeding sage"—
Mourn o'er the follies of the age;
Preach, prophecy, affect to fear
That dreadful times are drawing near;
That, sure as e'er you spoke a word,
We'll soon have famine, fire, and sword,
Unless that Popery's put down,
And Owen made to hang or drown,
And bards and players, sooth to tell,
Sent every one of them to h——!
I might enlarge,—but time runs short,
And Affectation yet to sort;
A younger sister though she be,
Yet sister to Hypocrisy.

O Affectation! imp most wicked,
From hell thou surely hast been kickéd,
In spite of all thou couldst devise
To pleasant seem in demon's eyes:
O wretch, detested, vile and base,
Back! back! into thy native place;—
Thy sooty friends should better use thee;
'Twould be their loss, methinks, to lose thee;
Earth sickens at thy sight—about thee!
Thou first-born brat of father Clootie.

Yet, why condemn a noxious weed
For springing where we strew the seed?

Were Affectation fairly stripped
Of her disguise, and soundly whipped,
Instead of being fed and cherish'd,
The hated wretch had long since perished.

Wouldst thou seem deeply read in books,
Let proud contempt sit in thy looks;
Get every author's name by rote,
From Homer down to Walter Scott;
Whatever common sense doth say,
Maintain 'tis quite another way;
Or (what may do as well instead,
And what perhaps must be thy need,)
Just shake thy head and knit thy brow—
A *dummie's* always wise, you know—
And in thine ears will shortly sound
"A man of learning most profound!"

Wouldst thou be of the critic tribe?
Say, would'st thou seem a clever scribe?
Then practice learned grins and sneers,
Looks consequential, gibes and gears;
Get all the *Dunciad* by heart—
Abuse is more than half thine art.
What though thou'st never seen his book,
Swear such an author is a block;
That, hang him, with his prosy trash!
Far better writers felt thy lash;

That many are the sleepless nights
Thou giv'st to hapless minstrel wights.
What though some grim anonymous ghost
Should haunt thy sleep for honours lost,
Pretend thou art of "the Review,"
The Veritas, or O. P. Q.—
That even *Blackwood* could not stand
Without thy modest helping ☞.
What though thou scarcely knowest what is
The difference between grunt and gratis,—
What though thy classic reading hath
No farther gone than Wife of Beith,
Tom Thumb, or good Cock Robin's death—
Yet feign to think the Iliad poor,
The Odyssey "a perfect bore;"
Be always muttering, Ovid—Muses—
Parnassus—Virgil,—nay, excuse us,
The "Mantuan Bard" we meant—the name
So grand, itself secures your fame.

An Antiquarian wouldst thou shine,
Tell us the breed of Pharaoh's kine—
If Nimrod's bow was yew or not—
The shape of Joseph's famous coat—
And if, as sage historians tell,
Troy's horse was such a cannibal!

Pretend that thine is Aaron's rod—
A fish that swam in Noah's flood—
A fragment of the very ark—
A rib of Jonah's *living* bark—
Of Babel's tower the topmost stone—
And where's thy like beneath the sun!

Another instance;—but, my dad
Cries "Change your pen, Sir, for a spade,"
So I must leave the "would-be" train,
And to the ditches once again.

O! ye who would seem wondrous wise—
O! ye who would have earth and skies
To gaze on you with admiration—
I grant you my sincere compassion;
But were strict justice kept in view,
Profound contempt would be your due.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

O WHO for city belle would sigh?
A giddy glitt'ring butterfly;—
Though ever gaudy be her dress,
Though ever smiling be her face,
'Tis not the smile of nature's joy;
Her borrow'd graces only cloy,
And quick would fall into the shade,
Beside my artless Mountain Maid.

Sweet Mountain Maid! oh, name of love
To me all other names above!
It tells of beauty's brightest glow—
Of angel purity below;
Of sweetness—truth that's never stain'd—
Simplicity that's never feign'd;
Enchanting sound! where'er I be,
It tells, my Anna, still of thee!

The voice that savage soul might charm—
The heart for ever kind and warm—

The honey lip, the laughing eye—
The raven locks that love to lie
Upon a breast of brighter glow
Than sunshine on the mountain snow—
The love undying, pure, divine,
All—all, sweet Mountain Maid! are thine.

THE ROUT OF BENVUIDH.

(*An Imitation of the* PIOBAIREACHD *known as* "LORD BREADALBANE'S MARCH.") (7.)

FLY! ye faint-hearted boors—
Vengeance upon ye lowers;
Off to your native moors—
Look not behind you!
Fly from our kindled wrath,
Fly from our blades of death—
Cowards! upon your path,
Swift as the wind, go!

Forward! my kinsmen brave,
Fierce as the rushing wave,
When, to the winds that rave,
Shrieketh the sea-gull;—
Bare every battle blade—
Low be the spoilers laid—
Rich be the feast we spread
Here, for the eagle!

Virgins of Athole green,
Weep,—for ye'll ne'er again
Hail from the foray keen
Lovers returning.—
Echoes of far Bengloe,
Rocks of Shichallin blue,
Long shall ye waken to
Dolour and mourning!

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

'Twas night—the sky
Was dark and lowering;
The wind was high,
The waves were roaring;
'Tis not the fear
Her cot may tumble,
That Ellen there
Doth watch and tremble.

"My love is toss'd
Upon the billow—
O that this breast
Were now his pillow!"
The storm increased,
Her heart beat wildly:
"Rest, wild waves! rest,
Ye winds, blow mildly!"

Now from her eyes
The tears are stealing—
A step—a voice!
"Dost sleep? my Ellen."—
The feast is spread,
The kiss is given,
The Fisher's shed
Is now a heaven!

MUSINGS.

I cannot wish for Childhood back,
I would not travel in life's morn;
However flowery be the tract,
It has no flower without a thorn:
Farewell, then, to this dawn of years—
This scene of far less smiles than tears!

I would not Boyhood's path retrace,—
Its thousand hopes and wishes vain—
Its hollow dreams of happiness—
Its phantom joys, that in their train
Bring weeping—disappointment—woe—
As rain succeeds the sky's bright bow.

Wild Youth itself had scarce a charm
To make me wish for its return;
And, Manhood! how can my heart warm
To thee? I find thee but the urn
Of friendships that should gild life's even—
Of love that *did* make earth seem heaven!

And less of all, O weary Age,
I long to breathe in *thy* sad clime,
And read on life's extended page
But more of sorrow, care and crime:
Man needs not trudge so far, to know
That 'all is vanity' below!

Oh, were it mine to make a choice
Of when to quit this mortal stage,
For Youth I would not raise my voice,
I would not loiter on to Age;
Nor yet, with Manhood's crushing load
Of sin, would I approach my God.

I'd choose the lot of those who die
Just when life's journey is begun,—
Those infant seraphs of the Sky—
Those favourites of th' Eternal One;
They enter scarce this Vale of Tears
When off they are for brighter spheres!

LINES, WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM,

PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY.

FRIENDSHIP'S gift to Beauty bright!
To my fond prophetic sight,
Seemst thou here, before me spread,
Like heaven ere yet the stars were made!
Book of beauty! let me show
What should grace thy page of snow—
What, the themes on which may turn
"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Joys that float on Memory's stream—
Youthful bard's Elysian dream—
First Love's first and sweetest sigh—
Tears that fall from Pity's eye—
Sympathy's responsive moan,
Making others' grief her own—
Worth that blooms unseen, and Faith
Smiling in the face of death!
These are themes that *should*, and will
Here employ the poet's skill;—

Themes that Innocence may hear,
Themes to minstrel ever dear,
Themes that in thy page must prove
Second still to Woman's love.
Woman! pearl of nameless worth,
Woman! day-star of the earth;
Woman! though from Eden driven,
Still the pride of Earth and Heaven!

Fameless be the muse that here
Laughs at aught to virtue dear;
Thankless be the strain that would
Praise ambition's wolfish brood,—
Wantonness, with bosom bare,
Fashion's slave, however fair,—
Vanity, that pains doth take
God's own image to unmake;
And, least of all, be here the praise
Of blood-stain'd Glory's gory bays—

What though vacant Infancy
Be the emblem now of thee,
Fancy, Album, sees the day
When thou'rt like thy mistress gay,—
Every feature, every line,
Every thought and word divine,
And full, as e'er was summer grove,
Of mirth, and melody, and love!

YOUNG MARY:

OR, LOVE IN DISGUISE.

YOUNG Mary tries to hide it, though
Young Mary loves me, well I know.
I know it by her downcast eye,
'Tis told in her soul-speaking sigh;
I guess it, when we meet or part,
By the wild throbbings of her heart,
The cheek where thousand blushes float,
The kiss half-stolen and half *not*,
Her sweet attention to my tale,
Her half-reluctant, fond farewell.
I know it, when at Twilight's hour
She meets me in the birchen bower,
With well-feign'd start and timid air—
She never thought to meet me there!
I know it when her virgin pride,
Prompts the pretended "dare na bide,"—
If then I haply wake the lay
That tells of summer shielings gay,
She answers with some love-tale old,
When beauty's price was love, not gold.
The tale is done—the "dare na bide"
Again the blushing maid hath sighed;

Again I take her to my breast,
Again she is with rapture press'd,
Then, like a bird from secret nest,
With fluttering heart she springs away,
Much wond'ring what mama will say.
I know it when, in companie,
Another fair one sits by me,
She feigns to look some other way,
And very awkwardly is gay.
When in her praise my verse doth flow,
The heaving of her breast of snow
Discovers what her lips disclaim,—
Her tears reveal it when I blame:
And when the rustic song is sung,
And when my fame is on each tongue,
"I love thee," says her cherub smile,
Nor can her very frowns beguile.

O why, then, in my Mary's arms,
Inquire if love her bosom warms?
And when she hides her in my breast,
A moment doubt that I am blest?
To doubt my Mary's love would be
Like captive, from his chains set free,
To doubt the sweets of liberty!
To doubt it—yes, it would be even
Like saint to doubt of bliss in heaven!

A VISIT TO STAFFA.

"The glorious work of angel architects."
TALFOURD.

It was morn—and our bark o'er the waters dark,
Like a ghost from the dawn, was flying
Before the fair wind which, from Ulva, behind,
Came upon its journey, sighing;
Like a pilgrim good, far o'er land and o'er flood
It seem'd hast'ning to pay its devotion
To the God of the sea, and of all things that be,
In yon temple sublime of the ocean.

On the Paps we gazed not;—Eigg, thy Cliff was forgot; (8.)
Nor, although that blessed spot was so nigh us—
Could Columba's own isle for a moment beguile
Our charm'd gaze from that now which lay by us;
Like a fragment chance hurl'd from some far wizard world,
It arose 'mid the wrestling surges
Which along its dark side, heaved and roll'd in their pride,
And then died 'mid their own deaf'ning dirges.

And now thy weird beach, Isle of Wonder, we reach,
Now we kneel with devotion beseeming;
And now pass'd is the dome where the mermaid doth comb
Her bright locks when the moonbeam is gleaming;
And on, to the hall of the matchless Fingal,
Now we haste o'er rocks witchingly waveworn,
Till the awe-blended joy that shone bright in each eye
Told we reach'd thee at length, giant Cavern!

What vain fool would compare with thy majesty rare
Palace, Church, or Cathedral splendour,—
Charms to these all unknown—thine, unmatch'd and alone—
Thou hast there in thy own gloomy grandeur.
No—there's nothing can be, of man's work, match'd with thee,
Thou dark fane of the Ocean awful!
There's so much of divine in thy structure sublime,
That to worship thee almost were lawful.

When in childhood, O sun, oft my wonder did run,
How my own native valley, at even,
With a smile thou could'st leave, when myself, I believe,
Would less mournfully part then with heaven;

And I thought at the time, that the anthem sublime
Which, they said, Corrivreckan amazing
Nightly sings unto thee, made thee glad,—*now* I see
Thou must then have on Staffa been gazing.

Magic Isle of the West, never made for thy breast
Was the slow-gliding plough, nor the harrow,
But the lightnings that fly, and the storms passing by,
On thy brow have left many a furrow;
What to thee is the spring, or the dews on her wing—
What, the breezes that hasten the harvest,—
When the life-teeming sea is the granary free
Which thy wingéd inhabitant servest?

Thine is not the gay rose that like Beauty's cheek glows,
Nor the cuckoo with Spring returning;
Thou hast not the glad thrush in the hazel bush,
With her song to salute the morning;—
But thine is the shell that glittereth well,
And the arch which the spar bespangles;
And thine is the song of the mermaid young,
When she sporteth among the tangles.

And thine is the lay which the fleet winds play,
When, afar on the western billow,
They are chasing the bark in the mid-night dark—
And thine the wild anthem hollow

Of the foam-crested waves, when to sleep in thy caves
They with ruin-mark'd steps are bounding,
While thy echoes reply to the seabird's shrill cry
Heard afar 'mid that music confounding!

Oh, I oft have been told by a mariner old—
When the sun in the hurricane dieth,
And the seaman's last pray'r is afloat on the air,
While the thunder alone replieth,
That—Oh, Ocean's lone child! as a maniac wild,
Thy dread father to terror doth shake thee
On thy pillow of rock, telling thee, by each shock,
With what ease his roused might could unmake thee.

When but only a boy, 'twas a thought of joy
To my heart I might one day view thee;
From my own happy home, o'er the ocean foam,
A glad pilgrim I wander'd to thee;—
But such joy as I felt when first on thee I knelt,
On this earth cannot twice be given.
Go, thou infidel, there—go! and, trembling, declare
That there *must* be a God in heaven!

ON THE

DEATH OF A BELOVED PARENT.

O MOTHER! dearest name beneath yon heaven—
Thou nearest, surest of all earthly ties!
Of all the flowers that deck life's path uneven,
The fairest spring from thy fond sympathies.
Too late I knew thy worth—too late my sighs
Confess there's not in nature aught like thee!
By losing thee alone we learn to prize
How dear thou art—Bless'd be thy memory,
Thou first, thou fondest friend of frail mortality!

When toss'd with Sickness on the bed of pain,
O who like thee can make the fiend relent?
O who like thee our waywardness sustain,
Or share our sorrows? Man, weak, fragile plant,
In life's bleak morning—helpless, pale, and faint,
Owes all unto thy anxious, tender care;
Thy ready hand supplying every want,
Thy soothing accents chasing every fear,
Even when 'tis most confess'd in thine own swelling tear.

A sacred task! but pleasanter by far—
'Tis thine to smooth Instruction's rugged way;
To feed the lamp of Knowledge, and to scare
The clouds that dim young Reason's bright'ning ray;
'Tis thine to show Vice smiles but to betray—
To make us love fair Virtue, and pursue
The road that leads to everlasting day,—
To make us wise, and good, and happy too:
Thine own example still unto thy precepts true.

O mother, hallow'd name! thy memory, too,
Be ever hallow'd in my grateful breast!
When Fortune frowneth, or when friends are few—
By hope beguiled, or in fond wishes cross'd—
Then, let thy spirit soothe my soul to rest,
And tell me, when this mortal strife is o'er,
For ever blessing and for ever blest,
We yet shall meet upon that happy shore,
Where 'twill be half our bliss, to feel we part no more!

THE

MANIAC MAIDEN.

A Ballad.

O WHY is Mary's look of woe?
That look but late so cheery?
Why sits despair upon the brow—
Of once light-hearted Mary?

And why thus wanders she about—
At times, with speech upbraiding?
And wherefore do the schoolboys shout,
"Behold the Maniac Maiden?"

Go, ask it of yon birchen grove—
Yon dell by streamlets riven,
Where, to a youth who sought her love,
Her love was early given.

And ask it of the broken ring—
The lock of hair he left her,
When his proud chief, to serve the king,
Of Eric soon bereft her.

O, fearful to the mariner
When comes the whelming surge on;
More fearful still the voice of war
To ear of love-sick virgin.

Britannia conquers—wherefore weep
Ten thousand at the story?
Her warriors far too soundly sleep—
Their pillows are too gory.

Young Mary listen'd, and the tears
Adown her pale cheeks wander;
But hope return'd—and maiden fears
To wishes quick surrender.

In vain the youthful for her burn,
In vain the rich would win her,
While fancy pictures the return
Of Eric, crown'd with honour.

But fate forbade—her lover fell;
In a far grave he's lying;
Poor Mary heard—the cruel tale
Awaked a grief undying.

She call'd a curse upon the king—
On Eric's chief thereafter,—
Then gazed upon the broken ring
Until her reason left her.

Now, like some flower when north winds rave,
Death's hue her cheek does borrow;
And soon shall close the pitying grave
Upon poor Mary's sorrow!

LINES

WRITTEN ON VIEWING GLEN-URQUHART.

INSCRIBED TO WM. GRANT, ESQ.—LOCHLETTER.

HAIL! thou Arcadia of the wild,
Glen Urquhart of the groves! I wot
The sun of heaven never smiled
Upon a fairer—sweeter spot.

When Nature Errick's hills did frame, (9.)
She blush'd their ruggedness to see;

Then quick, her error to redeem,
She made a paradise of thee!

Yon glade that in the sunshine dreams—
That lake by perfumed zephyrs curl'd—
Those blooming bowers—melodious streams—
Seem all as of some brighter world.

In scenes like these, some sunny even,
Sweet Poesy at first had birth;
In scenes like these, the sons of Heaven
Once woo'd the daughters of the Earth.

And yet, had those bright forms but seen
The maids who by the Ennerick move, (10.)
They'd hasten from their heaven, I ween,
Once more to sigh for woman's love.

TO THE FALLING SNOW.

Light-wing'd tenant of the North,
Visitant of heavenly birth,
Welcome on thy journey forth!
Come! come! Snow.

Fast, and thick, and silently,
Fall, O fall! I love to see
Earth my mother robed in thee.
Come! come! Snow.

Then she seems so very gay,
So like innocence at play,
So like bride in white array.
Come! come! Snow.

Let the Sun withdraw his light,—
To the bard's enraptured sight
Earth, with thee, will still be bright.
Come! come! Snow.

Streamlets that, to yonder tide,
Bright as chrystal glance and glide,
Seem like shadows thee beside.
Come! come! Snow.

Now in thine and Night's embrace
Gleams the landscape—Earth's fair face
Never beam'd with brighter grace.
Cease, cease, Snow.

Let the Moon come forth to see,
Let the Stars enraptured be
With their sister graced by thee!
Cease, cease, Snow.

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS;

OR,

"DONALD" AND "SAWNEY" COMPARED

A Dialogue.

Two rustics met upon a day—
'Twas not where sheep or streamlets stray:
Nor Strephon this, nor Damon that;
Nor was it love inspired their chat;
No—nor (though flowers might grace my rhyme)
Was it when flowers are in their prime—
Or May or June, at all, the time.

The one, a drover stout and stern,
Was from the dells of far Muckairn;
The other, if report speaks right,
Was some Mid Lothian farmer wight.
'Twas autumn,—and a tavern neat
In Falkirk—I forget what street—
Secured them from the storm without;
And while the glass goes oft about,

They joke, and laugh, and boast by turns,
Of Ossian this, and that of Burns,
The ale was good, ye well may deem;
From bards to heroes changed the theme,—
And Lowland thrift, and Highland pride,
And mountains high, and carses wide,
And bagpipes, kilts, and pedigree,
And breeches button'd at the knee,
Alternate in their wordy glee,
Provoked the gibe, or waked the boast—
'Twas doubtful which prevail'd the most.
But as to read, perhaps, thy time
May be as short as mine to rhyme,
Kind reader, without preface longer,
Here follows what they said or sung there.

D.—O give to me the mountains, O give to me the heath,
O give to me the fairy dell where first I drew my breath,
Where hospitality invites the stranger to her fare,
And beauty smiles, and music melts, and friendship is not air!

F.—I never lo'ed the mountains rude where the wild eagles be,
For aye I thocht the stacks o' corn mair pretty far to see:

For hospitality, I think he is a fool, richt plain,
Whase brose wad e'er a belly fill till first it filt his ain!

D.—I've tarried with the Lowlander; I found him coldly calm—
The same thing listening to a song, a sermon, or a psalm—
A scarcely animated clod, of hopes and feelings tame—
A mediocrity, in short, unworthy praise or blame.
Not so the generous mountaineer;—though nursed amid the storm,
His sympathies are ever deep, his heart is ever warm;
No selfish wish e'er finds *his* breast, except the wish—to be
The bravest aye among the brave, the freest 'mong the free!

F.—Preserve me frae a Hielander, tho' clad in a' the pride
Of philabeg, an' bonnet blue, and *skian-dhu* by his side;
His voice is like his beard, so rough—an' then, his bare, grit knees—
Ye'd think them, as he gangs the street, a pair o' birken trees!

D.—*His* is the tale of fathers who for honour fought and fell—
The manners simple and sincere—the spirit nought can quell—
The song that erst in Selma's hall inspired the mighty brave,—
The tyrant's dread and freedom's boast long be the Gael's glaive!

F.—As for his sangs, I've yet to ken that sangs can fill the pot;
An' sure wha wad for honour bleed maun be a muckle stot;
I think the lad that hauds the pleugh, an' swingeth weel the flail,
Mair worthy o' his kail an' beef than Ossian was himsel'!

D.—Talk of the Gael, when you would truth, loyalty describe;
His is the heart that mines of gold could not from honour bribe—
The eye that kindles love, yet oft is wet with pity's tear;
Then, let me clasp thee to my heart, unconquered mountaineer!

F.—Alack, alack, but weel ye can ye're mountain brithers blaw!
A cock upon his ain dunghill could not mair crouse-ly craw;
But take your portith an' your pride,—thank hea-ven, *I* was born,
With common-sense an' plenty, in the land of Carse an' Corn.

THE "JOY OF GRIEF."

"There is joy in peaceful grief when its violence subsides in tears."

OSSIAN.

WHEN the heart is immersed in a whirlpool of grief,
And our sorrows revealed but in sighs;
When the accents of friendship can give no relief
From the vulture that preys in disguise,
Like oil to the sea, when of tempests the sport,
Is then to our anguish a tear from the heart.

When the pleasures that promised for ever to last,
Like bubbles that float on the stream,
Evanish;—when hope is a thing of the Past,
And we find that life sure is a dream,
And we think on its morn, when 'twas heaven below—
There's a pleasure still left us when tears softly flow!

When we see, like some favourite flower of the waste,
The friend of our bosom to fade;
When we bear him away to the home of his rest—
The cold, gloomy halls of the dead,—
And we leave him alone in his last dreamless sleep,
'Tis sweet to be mournful, 'tis manly to weep.

And when One who was fair as a form of the sky,
And pure as the angel of Truth—
Whose love was our heaven—our soul's dearest joy—
When she—like some lone, lovely wreath
Of snow on the hill, or a flower by the blast
Laid low ere the morn of its beauty hath pass'd—

When *She*—cruel Memory! why torture my breast?
In the grave, with our hearts, we must leave,
Though we know that she lives in the land of the Blest,
'Tis a luxury sacred to grieve,
And to think, even *there* she responds to our sighs,
And doth love us the more for the tears in our eyes!

TO MY FATHER, ON HIS EMIGRATING TO AMERICA.

SAFE be thy passage o'er the deep
  Unto a land more kind
Than that for which thou yet couldst weep—
  The land thou left'st behind.

While bask the base in Fortune's smile,
  Oh, shame on Fortune's brow!
In sorrow from thy native soil,
  My father! must thou go?

Yet, if one half the prayers preferr'd
  To Heaven's throne for thee
By widow—orphan—may be heard,
  Thou yet shalt happy be.

Too mild thyself to love the proud,
  Too modest to say much;
Too social to live in a cloud,
  Too honest to be rich;—

Too happy in a generous deed,
To care though knaves should mock;
Too good and upright e'er to need
Hypocrisy's vile cloak;—

Too stubborn in integrity,
Into the mart to bring
Thus conscience, though it were to be
The favourite of a king.

Thou wert, among the sons of men,
A simple plant, that spreads
Its fragrancy too oft in vain
Among the rankling weeds,—

A gleam of sunshine, on the breast
Of wintry billows borne;
A tree that yields not to the blast
Till by the roots uptorn!

Let others trace their pedigree
To princes, if they can;
More proud am I to spring from thee,
Thou poor but honest man!

1832.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE FINDHORN, AND INSCRIBED TO MISS GORDON CUMMING, OF ALTYRE.

Thus, while I raptur'd view
  Findhorn's wild mazes,
Flow, my glad numbers, flow
  On in her praises.

O thrice happy river,
  To roll, in thy grandeur,
Through scenes 'mong which ever
  Blest spirits might wander!

Where mighty the oak is—
  The lady-birch weepeth,—
And awful the rock is,
  That war with thee keepeth.

Here, like a lover, when
  Leaving his charmer,
Slow dost thou journey on,
  Sad is thy murmur,—

There, like a thing of might,
Rocks thou art rounding,—
Here, like a flash of light,
Over them bounding!

Calm in the distance now
Seemest thou, even
Like a stripe from the blue
Curtains of Heaven.

Oh, pilgrim of beauty!
No spice groves bloom nigh thee;—
The nightingale's ditty
Is never heard by thee.

And yet, Altyr's greenwood,
And Altyr's bright maiden,
Who seeth, I ween, need
Not mourn a lost Eden!

November, 1838.

FANCIES.

Were I a lark, no longer free,
Where should I like encaged to be?
Where like an April morn I'd see
Eliza, blushing, smiling.
Oh happy bird! oh bondage light!
From rosy dawn till dewy night,
My song would cheer my mistress bright,
With melody beguiling.

Were I a bee, what Eden bower—
What land of sweetness I'd explore?
Eliza's lips—a rosy shore
Replete with balmy blisses.
There is the Hybla-honey cell,
The virgin treasure hoarded well,
The nectar-fount from which I'd steal
In rapturous excesses!

And if a floweret, where would I
Delight to bloom, delight to die,
But in that paradise of joy—
Eliza's radiant bosom?

I would not bloom the brightest flower
Perennial in celestial bower,
Could it be mine one blissful hour
Upon *her* breast to blossom!

DUNCANSBAY HEAD.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM KEPT AT THE HUNA INN, FOR VISITORS TO JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

PILGRIM, not when skies are smiling,
And a calm enfolds the deep,
But when roars the blast despoiling,
View yon awful headland steep.

When, o'er liquid hill and hollow,
Wildly shrieks the feather'd swarm,
And the bark, chased by the billow,
Sweeps like sunbeam through the storm,—

When the lightning's flash is o'er ye,
And the thunder mutters wrath,
And the surge in all its glory
Bursts, a snow-cloud, far beneath!

Then it is that *I* would, cheerful,
Tarry on yon giddy height;—
Then old Ocean's turmoil fearful
In my soul wakes wild delight.

Rocks that rise in wizard grandeur—
Cliffs where dwells the eagle grey—
Chasms—caves, where wild waves thunder—
Form the charms of Duncansbay.

MY THREE SWEETHEARTS.

Of three sweethearts, let me choose one,—
All are jewels bright and rare;
Jeanie's cheek outvies the rose, and
Bright as gold her clust'ring hair;
Jessie's bosom white as snow is,
And her every thought as pure;
But young Peggy's eye of blue is
Such as would make saints adore.

When my breast is dark and joyless,
Jeanie's smile, like April's sun,
Joy-diffusing, bright and guileless,
Wakes my heart to mirth again;
Jessie soothes my soul to sadness,
When my mirth would folly seem,—
Stars like her would drive to madness,
Did they *always* on us beam!

Peggy! when entranced I view
Thy graceful form, thy swelling breast,
Worlds I'd give one minute to
Be in that heavenly bosom press'd.
From those lips, near which the cherry
Seemeth pale, one kiss to gain,
Oh, who would not die right merry!
One kiss more were life again!

Modesty is Jeanie's sister;
Truth and sense in Jessie meet;
Loveliness could never rest her,
Till sweet Peggy was complete.
Law, not love, must rest the fault on,
If mine only *one* must be;
For, if I were born the Sultan,
Gladly would I have the three!

CRAIGANTAIRVE. (II.)

Say, when comes the laughing Spring,
Where does first the linnet sing?
Perch'd on the yet leafless bush,
Tell where does the tuneful thrush
—Freedom-like, when tyrants die—
Drown grim Winter's death-bed sigh
With a flood of melody?
Where does first the swallow come?
Where with rapture fix his home?
And the lark, hid in her cloud,
Chaunt her sorrows long and loud,—
Pouring, in her heaven-ward flight,
Music such as seraph might
Fill with envy and with moan,
Vainly wishing it his own?
Pilgrim of a far countrie,
Ever ranging absentee,
Tell me—tell me, sweet Cuckoo!
Where is paradise with you?
Where does oft the roe disport?
Heath-cock, where lov'st thou to court,

With thy wings outstretchéd wide,
Twenty fair ones by thy side?
Roguish zephyrs, where do ye
Kiss the blooms that sweetest be,
As with amorous steps ye stray
O'er the flowery lap of May?
Where but where the Muses dwell—
In sweet Craigantairve's dell?
Where but where the Graces rove—
In sweet Craigantairve's grove?
Where Eliza's voice to hear
In yon bower of beauty near,
And her seraph smile to see,
Would alone make heaven to me!

TO MARY.

FARE thee well, my once loved jewel—
Blessings ever dwell with thee!
If, my Mary, thou art cruel,
Thou art only so to me!

Could I gaze on thee uncaring,
Could I smile when oft I sighed—
Could I, when thy slave adoring,
Hide thy power from thy pride—

Thou wouldst haply smile on me, love,
Sunlike, as on other swains—
Haply 'neath the trysting tree, love,
Warble yet thy syren strains!

Was it that I loved thee dearer
Than the bee loves honey flower—
Was it that I deemed thee fairer
Than a seraph, and more pure—

Was it that I thought on heaven
Far less often than on thee,
That despair my heart has riven?
That no hope is left for me?

Mary! when first in yon bower
Sunk thy head upon my breast—
When our hearts first felt love's power,
And we sighed most when most blest,—

When—yet in thy morn of beauty—
When thy smiles were all for me,
And I deemed it less my duty
To admire than worship thee,—

When unto my heart I pressed thee,
Those who love know only how!
When a thousand times I kissed thee,
Wert thou then less blessed than now?

* * * * *

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FAVOURITE FRIEND, IN ABSENCE.

ELIZA! maid of mildest eye,
Of sweetest voice, of softest sigh,
Of warmest heart, of purest mind—
O friend delightful, fond, and kind,
Thy cheerless absence how I mourn!
When shall the happy day return,
When I shall mark on yonder sea,
The bark that brings thee back—to me
Restoring heaven itself with thee—Eliza!

O, had he felt her hallowed flame,
Who sung that "friendship's but a name,"
Or had he thee, Eliza, known,
He'd sing of friendship's charms alone!
Like me to-day, perhaps envy
The birds that make sweet melody—
The flowers that near thee bloom and die:
Alas, more happy far than me,
Blest flowers, gay birds, ye well may be
Who sing and bloom where ye can see—Eliza.

As calm Lochshira's glassy tide
Reflects Dunchorvil's woody pride,
With other scenes of beauty rare,
More lovely still when pictured there,—
'Twas thus thy sympathy divine
My joys could multiply, refine,
And make my every feeling thine.
My muse's first divinity,
My kindest critic, fond and free,
Who now can fill thy place to me ?—Eliza !

When morning, in her crimson vest,
Comes blushing o'er yon mountain's breast ;
When wood and flood with music teem,
(Like youthful poet's fairy dream,)
And all like fairy land doth seem,—
What, when no mutual bosom glows,
No mutual heart my transport knows,
'Tis empty show and pageantry—
My soul delightless sighs for thee—Eliza !

When basking in the noontide beam,
Or wand'ring by the crystal stream,
Or, haply, in the shade reclined
Of birchen bower, by lover twined,
When scarcely stirs the sleepy wind,—

Or gazing on the mountain's brow,
Or viewing in the lake below
A mimic world—alas, for me!
I only feel, I only see
That I am lonely, far from thee—Eliza!

At midnight hour, when starlights shine,
And revel round their Queen divine,
While she in all her beauty moves,
And shows her mountains, glens, and groves;
When aerial beings hover near,
And aerial music's in mine ear,
I mourn to think such charms should be
All wasted, when thus far from thee—Eliza!

O what is fame's entrancing voice—
O what is mad ambition's choice—
O what is splendour's gilded crest
Compared to friendship's gentle breast?
Devoid of friendship, wealth is poor,
And beauty smiles but to allure:—
The world, and all its joys, to me
Were nothingness, unshared with thee—Eliza!

ELEGY

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A YOUNG HIGHLAND NOBLEMAN. (12.)

A SHADOW hath come o'er the land,—
'Tis not the gloom of night, ah, no!
A tear on every cheek doth stand—
'Tis not the tear of common woe;
Long shall the tide of sorrow flow,
But vainly flow, young Chief, for thee;
Earth has no claim upon thee now,—
Thy home is in Eternity!

We saw the boding meteor fall;
We saw the dead-light in the gloom;
The vision show'd the tear-strew'd pall—
The high-born victim and the tomb;
Yet little ween'd we 'twas *thy* doom,
O flower of hope! they did foretell,
Until we saw thy blighted bloom
Far scatter'd on the ruthless gale.

Oft, as we watch'd thy life's bright morn,
How fondly did we hope to see
The statesman just—the warrior stern—
A second "Iain Ruadh" in thee,— (13.)
The stoutest friend of liberty—
The light'ner of the poor man's load—
The all of which we proud might be,—
Ah, why should dream so sweet explode!

Oh, I could see, without a sigh,
The whirlwind, in its carnival,
Bear down the trunk already dry—
The hemlock, or the mushroom small;
But when the Oak, that promised all
A shadow, from its root is torn,
How can thy country's tears but fall?
How can the Muse forget to mourn?

Yon widow'd Pile may well be grey,—
Deserted—desolate though long,
From thee it hoped a better day—
The flow of mirth, the voice of song,
The charity that has no tongue,
The ever hospitable board,
The steps of beauty mild and young,
The presence of a gallant lord.

Oh, Death! thou art a monster blind,
For ever groping for thy prey;
And oft, by sad mischance, doth find
The young when thou shouldst get the grey—
Those who should never die, when they
Escape who daily for thee sigh;—
Ah! why flew not that welcome way
The dart which did our hopes destroy?

Farewell, illustrious youth, farewell!
Though deep and long be our regret,
An *earthly*, thou hast surely well
Exchanged for heavenly, coronet.
O be thy last, long slumber sweet,
By Enda's bark-frequented strand: (14.)
Our sun—our morning sun—is set!
A shadow hath come o'er the land!

LINES TO A YOUNG POET.

While you, my friend, attune the lyre,
And I admire the strain,
Don't marvel, should the world conspire
To call us foolish—vain.

When did the lark's sweet-thrilling lays
The hawk forbearance teach?
When was the fox e'er found to praise
The grapes he could not reach?

Nor think, my friend, the smile of kings
Of genius is the test;
Full oft the fairest floweret springs
Where sunbeams seldom rest.

Then cease not with the muse to roam
By Strevin's silver wave;
A gem is not the less a gem
That shines but in a cave.

Long live, sweet Bard! to chaunt the strain
That Beauty's heart alarms,
And never may'st thou wish, in vain,
To sleep in Beauty's arms.

Long live—a proof mind's native might
No adverse fate can screen;
Clouds only serve to make more bright
The star that shines between!

ON VIEWING TOBERMORY BAY,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1835.

Thou more than fancied fairy spot—
Sweet Tobermory! art thou not
An ocean Paradise?
The soul that raptureless can stray
Along thy banks in sunny May,
Would sad be in the Skies.

When roars th' Atlantic wild and deep,
Thou seem'st like Childhood fast asleep,
Or like the home of Calm;
Or only made for Zephyrs' play,
Which, o'er thy borders as they stray,
Come laden still with balm.

Thy waters brightly blue and deep,
'Bove which right oft, with gallant leap,
The monarch of the tide—
A silver arrow—cleaves the air,—
The streams whose music charm mine ear,
As, glad, to thee they glide—

Yon Isle thy guardian fond which seems,
The sea birds that like sunny gleams
Around it float or fly—

All, all have bound me with a spell—
To scene so sweet to bid farewell,
'Tis sweet to heave the sigh!

ELLEN.

Oh, she's almost divine! unto me she seem'd sure
Like a form of the sky, so angelic—so pure,—
Like a being that angels might love, and still be
Without hope—how, alas! then could hope smile on me?
Yet I loved, and *will* love her, in spite of despair;
Let the slave who would blame but once look at the fair—
Let him look and confess, 'mid his own heaving sighs,
The enchantment that dwelleth in Ellen's bright eyes.

Yes, loved one! methinks that when Nature made thee,
She had plann'd something more than Earth's daughters may be,
And just sent thee to prove, to our joyful surprise,
That perfection may dwell not alone in the skies;—
She gave thee that form so voluptuously fair—
That smile so bewitching—that languishing air,
That mortals, by gazing upon thee, might even
On Earth taste the joy and the gladness of Heaven!

TO THE MORNING STAR.

FAIREST and latest gem
Placed in Night's diadem,
Star of the morning! I hail thee with joy:
Day's welcome herald fair,
Dear to the mariner
Is thy bright smile when the tempest is high.

Thou wakest the skylark—
Allured by thy smile, hark!
In heaven already how blissful she sings!
And while on him stealing
Is sportsman unfeeling,
The blackcock makes love where the wild myrtle springs.

The elfin knights prancing,
The elfin maids dancing,
The witch at her cantrips, thou fill'st with dismay;
Ghosts from thy presence fly,
Owlets no longer cry,—
Wand'rer benighted, now smile on thy way.

Now, like Consumption's prey,
Vanish thy sisters gay,—
Soon in thy beauty thou also must die:
Day's welcome herald fair,
Dear to the mariner
Is thy bright smile when the tempest is high!

TO DIAN.

Dian! ever to behold thee,
Ever in my arms to fold thee,
Prove thee mine for worse or better—
Unto fortune what a debtor!

From thy looks of starry brightness,
From thy step of fairy lightness,
From thy smile that chaseth sorrow,
Hebe might be proud to borrow.

Kissing thee, my Eden blossom!
Press'd unto my heaving bosom,
Listening to thy voice divine, love,
Bliss Elysian would be mine, love.

Soon thy absence I must mourn, love;
Oh, until thy wish'd return, love,
Captive Jew ne'er long'd for Zion
More than I shall for my Dian!

GOD'S VOICE HEARD IN THE THUNDER

I HEARD, O God! Thy voice aloud,
I heard it in yon thunder cloud:
I who, before that warning high,
Forgot that Thou art ever nigh,
Now in Thy presence, trembling, kneel,
For *now* that Thou art *near*, I fell,—
For ever near, in storm or calm,
Alike art Thou—the great "I AM!"

Had I—a coward slave of Sin—
Aye listen'd to the "voice within,"
Thy voice, dread Being! now might be
More sweet than terrible to me;
And I would always to Thee pray
With fervour deep as when, to-day,
Methought Thy very lightnings wrote
On Heaven's hot brow, "Forget Me not!"

A MAY-MORNING,

IN GLENSHIRA.

My soul is glad!—I would essay
A soul-born, sweet, spontaneous lay—
A song of joy to thee, thou ever charming May!

From grove and glade, through bower and bush,
What heavenly melody doth gush!
To hear herself so praised the Morning well may blush.

The lark, yon crimson'd clouds among,
Pours an exuberance of song,—
An age, that song to list, would not seem lost or long.

The blackbird, by the woodland stream,
The spirit of some bard ye'd deem,—
One who had lived and died in love's delicious dream!

Thrice-welcome minstrel! now at hand,
The cuckoo joins the tuneful band,
With notes that might be sung in bowers of Fairy Land.

Oh! May, thou art a wizard crown'd,
That with enchanted wand the ground
Dost touch, and, lo! the bright and beautiful abound.

The raging torrent from the hill
Thou changest to a gentle rill—
A thread of liquid pearl that faintly murmurs still.

Thou comest, and the clouds are not,
The North-wind has its wrath forgot,
The gossamer alone is in the air afloat.

Thine is the blossom-bursting tree—
The leafy bower to deck for me—
Thine first to shew the heaven in each blue lake that be.

Cheer'd by thy smile, the herd-boy gay
Oft sings the rock-repeated lay,
And wonders who can be the mocker in his way.

The lambkins sport, or lie at ease
Like little snow-wreaths on the leas;
The butterfly doth glide like blossom on the breeze.

Flowers of Elysian form and hue
Around me drink the pearly dew;
Some gaze on the young Sun—his worshippers, I trow:

Some here and there with bashful grace
Shrink from the wild-bee's rude embrace,
Some, as with filial love, do Earthward turn their face.

Above—below—all, all doth seem
So witching, that I almost deem
Myself asleep, and these, creations of a dream!

But cease, my muse ambitious,—frail
Thy skill, in numbers meet, to hail
The Morn that makes a heaven of thy loved Native Vale!

1839.

DARK RAVEN TRESSES.

Of fair flaxen ringlets oft sung I the praises;
Oft gazed I bewitch'd on the brown's graceful mazes;
But the snare for the heart that all other surpasses,
Is a snare that is woven of dark Raven Tresses.

Yes—raven-black hair that, a wavy web weaving,
Would in vain veil the bosom below it bright-heaving,
Like a sunbeam that bursts through some cloud's dark caresses;
And thine, Lady! thine are those rich Raven Tresses.

The Poets, fond fools, in the days clept the olden,
Described Love's own Queen proud of locks that were golden;
But had they seen thee, they would own that the Graces
Went wrong in not giving her dark Raven Tresses.

O Lady beloved as thou'rt purest and fairest,
If the heart that loves best to *thy* heart be the dearest,
Thou wilt smile upon him who thus fondly confesses
The danger that dwelleth in dark Raven Tresses.

A DREAM.

INSCRIBED "TO MINE OWN LADYE LOVE."

LAST night, after thinking on Heaven and—thee,
And sleep had left fancy to wander free,
"I dream'd a dream"—'twas a dream of bliss,
A vision such as I would not miss
For all that has ever yet been my share
Of joys in this waking world of care;
Once more but to taste of that bliss so brief,
I would suffer long years of despair and grief.

What was it, then, what was this dream divine?
Seem'd I feasting with Kings in some Palace fine,
Where from goblets of gold the red wine they drain,
And abounds all, all that man's heart makes fain?
With the sceptre of Power in my potent hand,
Did myself seem the Chief of some far-famed land?
Did I deem I was own'd in the World's glad sight
A Hero unmatch'd in fair freedom's fight?
Or a Sage taught to bless and enrich mankind
With the wisdom and lore of a godlike mind?

In the Temple of Fame was it mine to be
The chief of the Sons of bright Poesy?
Did I seem in possession of stores untold
Of the brightest gems—of the purest gold?
Did some daughter of Beauty with hand of snow
Wake the harp to fond strains I loved long ago?
Was I charmed by the tones of some seraph Choir?
Seem'd I list'ning the Angel of Love's own lyre,
As around him were join'd in the Land of Bliss—
The Fond-hearted whose loves had been cross'd in *this*!
In my Highland Home did I seem to stray?
Was my step with the Morn on the mountain grey
When its peak with the sun is in glory crown'd,
And the rocks to the cries of the Chase resound?
Seem'd my bark o'er the breast of the blue Lochfyne
Bounding fearless and fleet, as in days longsyne,
When a swelling sail and a heaving sea
Were a joy to my little bark and me?

These be fancies, I own, that might well delight,
Yet had nothing to do with this Vision bright.

Can you guess, then, maid of the mildest eye!
What of all in the sea, air, earth, or sky,
Could appear in this dream of delight to me?
Can you guess what my banquet of bliss might be?

This joy far surpassing what mortal's know,
Who have tasted all other joys below?

In vain—all in vain—you would try to guess
What the dreamer himself may not well express.

I dream'd that I was where I must not tell—
Though it is a sweet spot that you know full well;—
A being of love and of beauty bright
Sat beside me with looks full of love's own light;
On my heaving bosom her head reclined;
Round her angel form my fond arms were twined;
Love's accents I pour'd on her list'ning ear;
With a blush she confess'd what 'twas heaven to hear!
And just as she vow'd to be ever mine,
And just as I once press'd her lips divine,
I awoke—would you frown if those lips were—*thine?*

Oh, were that bright One—be she what she may—
Half so gentle and kind unto me by day,
What raptures would in my fond heart have birth,
In her love realizing a heaven on earth!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE, NEAR CHESTER.

O spurn, my soul, each earth-born care!
A glimpse of paradise is here!
Scene like this to see,
Wakes a doubt in me
How God's curse *can* be on a world so fair.

Here—the blackbird sings like some spirit blest;
There—the skylark springs from her secret nest,
And in heaven away,
Pours so sweet a lay
As might envy wake in a seraph's breast.

O where might lover wish to bide?
Where breathe love's vow at eventide?
'Neath the tow'ring tree,
By the flow'ry lea,
Where the winding Dee delights to glide.

Ye bards, let fancy wander free;
Think what earth's brightest spot should be;
Then raptured stray
This wizard way,
And view the gay reality!

May, 1841.

THE ABSENT ONE.

Oh, come from the land of thy cruel sojourning;
Long, long hast thou tarried, and deep is our gloom;
Last night in thy beauty I saw thee returning—
But false was the vision—O come, my love, come!

O come, softly sweet as the music of sadness;
O come, like the Spring in its brightness and bloom
Awaking the earth into beauty and gladness,—
Mine own, and for ever! O come, my love, come!

O come, like the Dawn after darkness, to cheer me;
Let hope in my breast her blest empire resume;
O come, love, to prove that death only can tear thee
Again from my bosom—O come, my love, come!

O come with those eyes whose mild magic first won me,
Those smiles that could cheer me if death were my doom;
O come like a vision of heaven upon me,—
My long-lost—my worshipp'd—O hasten thee home!

SONNET.

THE PRIMROSE.

Of all the gems that Earth's green bosom grace,
Give me the Primrose, May-dew-drinking flowe
That loves nor gay parterre nor gaudy bower,
But gives its beauty to each desert place.
So Innocence, rare guest in Palaces,
Blooms in yon Cot upon the bleak hill-side :
So sweet Content, unknown to Wealth or Pride,
With rustic Toil her quiet dwelling has.
Loved Flow'r ! thy term of life is brief, but thou
Enjoy'st it in the Seasons' golden age,
When the wood-minstrels chaunt on ev'ry bough,
And larks to heaven make vocal pilgrimage ;
I well may deem, of all things fair below,
Thy praise doth most their thrilling songs engage.

SONNET.

TO A REDBREAST, SINGING ON A NOVEMBER MORNING.

EMBLEM of Hope! thou minstrel sweet, that sings
When eild and sadness fall upon the year,
And Winter tramples on the leaflet sere,
And flowers are not—Oh tell me what thus brings
Joy to thy heart? Dost thou with memory stray
To the bright spring-time, when on wanton wings
Thy fond mate thou hast courted? when the spray
Is musical as heaven's own bowers, and springs
The skylark from the gowan'd sward, to chaunt
Her matin song? Sweet bird! it so must be;—
Of present pleasures little canst thou vaunt;
Yet is thy lot an envied one to me,
To whom reflection much of sorrow brings,
Whose memory is a snake of many stings!

AND THOU ART FALSE.

And thou art false! Well, let it be—
A common fault in womankind
'Twere folly to reproach in thee:
Who marvels that the wind
Can vary? If the minstrel sings,
'Tis for the balm that music brings.

No, lady, if I now repine,
'Tis *not* that others bend the knee
In welcome homage at the shrine
Once sacred unto me;
I mourn that I could ever bow
Where ev'ry fool may worship now.

And this is she I once could deem
A being less of earth than heaven!
Alas, I only then did dream;
The veil at length is riven,
And I can see, through all thy smiles,
A heart of treachery and wiles.

Farewell, fair fickle one—a while,
A little while of bitter thought,
And I will learn to scorn the smile
That could with gold be bought:
And thou wilt also learn to prove
That wealth's a poor exchange for love.

The stricken deer may seek the shade,—
'Mid scenes where beauty is not sold,
My heart shall yet to joy be wed,
My love-tale shall be told;—
Then, Image of the False, depart!
I tear thee ever from my heart.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

What should the heart do that has loved all in vain?
Oh what should it do but just break—
Not itself, my dear friend—no, but love's servile chain,
Which than wear very long, when you meet with disdain,
You should rather have broken your neck.

Should you meet "a fine girl"—as fond fools it express—
Be not lured by her shape or her air;—
Snakes oft lurk among flow'rs,—and if heedless you pass,
You may live, when too late, to exclaim, 'What an ass
Not to see that a serpent was there!'

Beneath a bright landscape the earthquake may sleep;
In the rosebud a canker may be;
The hyena can smile, the dread crocodile weep,
And balmy the breeze that may oftentimes sweep
O'er a rock-bosom'd, ship-wrecking sea.

O woman! if wanting the charms of the mind—
Those charms that alone make her fair—
Though her form may be faultless, her speech soft and kind—
Do not give her thy heart, or, too late, thou mayst find
Thou has built on the ice—thou hast trusted the wind—
Thou hast slept when the Vampire was near!

TO MARGARET, ON HER BIRTH DAY.

LET others hail this happy morn
As that on which a Queen was born; *
I hail it with an equal glee,
Because the birth-day blest of thee,—
Of thee, thou bud of beauty gay,
Fit offspring of the happy May!
Whose smile is like its sunshine bright,
Whose step is as its zephyrs light,
Whose breast is as its lilies fair,
Whose breath is like its perfumed air,
Whose voice has borrow'd from the grove
Its sweetest, softest notes of love.

Unlike the fate that threatens me,
Sweet One! may *thy* life happy be;
May youth sit long upon thy brow,
  May virtue make thy heart her shrine,
And if thy tears should ever flow
  Be they for others woes—not thine.

---

* The 24th May, Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA's Birth-day.

May cursed gold ne'er come between
Thy heart and his who loves thee best;
But sharing fortune's happy mean,
With him alone be blest.

In happier days, Hope promised me
That thou my sister sweet should be;
That hope was like *all* hopes of mine,—
Yet, till my being I resign,
A Brother's love shall still be thine.

STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO ST. JOHN'S MARKET, LIVERPOOL.

I own that the King of the Desert is fierce—
That, when hunger impell'd, he of ruth has no spark,—yet
I know of a monster a thousand times worse;
It is one often seen about famed St. John's Market.

Ever talking of pity—for beasts sometimes speak—
You would think him so harmless, so gentle—but, hark
that!

'Tis his gaunt, hungry growl, as he comes forth to seek
For his prey, ruthless mangled in famed St. John's Market.

Oft I think, as his victims, indignant, I see,
'Twere as well for them Noah their sires ne'er had arkéd;
It might sicken a tiger to mark with what glee
He destroys them, relentless, in famed St. John's Market.

The eagle, although it may prey on the lamb,
Will not feed on its comrade—the shark wont a shark eat;
But he with his own kind his stomach will cram,
Although scarce known to do so at famed St. John's Market.

O Man! thou'rt the monster so dread of my song,
Red scourge of creation, my words blush or bark at—
I blush that I should to thy genus belong,
Thou blood-thirsty patron of each St. John's Market.

TO———

———

THEY bid me forget thee—they hint, in their pride,
Mine can ne'er be the hand of my soul-wedded bride;
And they heartlessly hope my beloved one shall be
The woo'd and the won of a richer than me;
But *true* love is strong in its faith, and I heed not
The tale that proclaims thou wilt leave me to mourn;
Oh! what to reward it can love like thine need, but
A love that is deathless and deep in return?

If another could love thee more fondly, more true—
If for only thyself and not wealth he should woo,
I could then bear to lose thee, contented that thine
Were a wooer more worthy to kneel at love's shrine;
But so long as none other can love thee as *I* do,
So long as thou'rt gentle and fond as thou'rt fair,
Let them blush who would teach thy young heart to deny me,
And learn that I need not and *will* not despair.

STANZAS.

"I knew, I knew, it could not last
'Twas bright—'twas heav'nly—but 'tis past!"

HAST thou, on thy pathway lonely
Far away from vulgar stare,
Mark'd some lovely flow'r—one only—
Blooming in the desert air?

Couldst thou see, nor love the blossom
Dearer still for being lone?
Prouder take it to thy bosom
Than the garden's fairest one?

Maiden! so upon my dreary
Pathway through life's gath'ring storm,
Shone upon the pilgrim weary,
Lovely once thy angel form.

Wherefore, thou bewitching vision!
Wherefore was so brief thy stay?
Why should love's delights elysian
End in anguish and dismay?

Parted now, for ever parted—
Malice well has play'd her part—
I, the lorn and broken-hearted,
Thou—I ask not what thou art.

Still, within my heart adoring
Lives thine image ever fair;
Like a rose in Winter flow'ring,
Blooms my love amid despair.

So the sun, himself evanish'd,
Leaves his beams upon the hill;
So the wretch from freedom banish'd,
Tastes in dreams of freedom still.

Fare thee well! yon heaving ocean
Farther soon shall us divide;
Still, till death shall end its motion,
Thou shalt be my heart's fond bride.

THE CAPTURED BIRD.

A Fable.

A MAIDEN once planted the hidden snare,
And she caught a wild bird of plumage rare;
And she tamed him so, that at last thought she,
This bird has no heart for liberty;
Let me do with him whatsoe'er I may,
He has neither the wish nor the pow'r to stray.

When his mistress had kept this poor bird so long
That he almost forgot his woodland song,
And his forest mates, to him once so dear,
She thought she had nothing more to fear.
He had been so long her imprison'd slave,
So grateful for every crumb she gave,
That it seem'd as she thought, without crumb at all,
He could not but choose to live still in thrall.

But not thus, from its native joys exiled,
Can a bird to its cage be reconciled:
The string that is play'd on too long, may break
And a yoke, tho' of gold, soon must tire the neck,

What flow'r can long bloom amid frost and snow?
What joy, without hope, can the fond heart know?
O no,—it is not from all joy exiled,
That a bird to its cage can be reconciled.

One day she open'd his cage, in play,
With a 'Go poor bird, if you please, away'—
Never dreaming her captive one inch could stray.
The fond bird heard the insulting word,
And his soul of pride was within him stirr'd;
So he flapp'd his wing to her wondring view,
And away, and away, fast and far he flew.
It was then that the sigh of his mistress proved
That the bird she lost was a bird beloved;—
He returned to his bower in the forest green,
And a captive was never again, I ween.

Moral—Love is the bird, ye maidens bright,
Of which the minstrel sings;
Then, never may you with caprice light,
Or cold neglect, or wanton slight,
Forget that he has wings.

WHERE DWELLETH HAPPINESS?

O WHERE dwelleth happiness—where?
With the peasant in yon low-roof'd cot?
So sages and statesmen declare,
Yet the peasant says *there* she dwells *not*.

Is her home then in palaces grand,
Proud Royalty's favourite guest?
He who wieldeth the rod of command,
With her presence must surely be blest.

Alas! 'neath the coronet bright
May be oft found a dark aching brow;
And the purple and star often light
Upon breasts most familiar with woe.

Does she dwell with the famous in song?
Most of all there the search would be vain,
Since the strains that our raptures prolong
Are oft pour'd from a bosom of pain!

With the Learned and Wise, then, must be
The bright guest of which others but dream?
Lo, the fool, as he passes, may see
That bright guest is a stranger to them.

Yet with Friendship she surely is found?
No—not there, to my sorrow I know.
With Love, then? The feverish bound
Of my heart proves that Love is her foe!

O where dwelleth Happiness, then?
Fond dreamer! while time yet is given,
Do thy duty to God and to men—
Thou shall meet the bright stranger in Heaven!

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN "THE DINGLE."

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE MERSEY. *

I've been 'mid scenes where horn and hound
Make hills and valleys ring all,
But ne'er in such a fairy bound
As thine, delightful Dingle!

Here sweetest bloom the "stars of earth,"
  Here the wood minstrels mingle
Notes such as only could have birth
  In Eden or the Dingle.

Here, ever verdant shrub and spray
  The richest odours fling all
On Zephyr's wings, while on his way,
  Flow'r-kissing in the Dingle.

Here sunny slopes invite the view,
  Here, bowers where fond hearts tingle;
There, glides the Mersey, calmly blue,
  Proud to reflect the Dingle.

Ye batchelors, come here, and then
  I dare ye to live single;
How can ye, where such nymphs are seen
  As love to haunt the Dingle?

* The Author's first visit to THE DINGLE was in the company of two or three rhyming friends, when it was proposed by Mr. R. M. Parker (one of the number) and agreed to by all, that "there and then" each should make the scene before him, the subject of an extempore Sketch. The result of this agreement on the part of the Author, was the production of the above effusion. Its only title, perhaps, to appear in this place is, that it commemorates an hour of happiness, enjoyed even on the Banks of the Mersey.

FRAGMENT OF AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH,

WRITTEN IN A M.S. ANNUAL, EDITED BY A LADY.

BRIGHT Book of rhyme-inviting page,
Since 'tis my happy privilege
To sing, at friendship's call, for thee,
Say, on what theme my song should be?
Fain would I write to please the Fair—
Shall War then, be my muse's care?
The muster—march—the outset dire—
The rampart storm'd—the town on fire?
The nobler strife on battle plain—
The "glorious" wounds—th' unnumber'd slain?
What though that widows—orphans, weep
For thousands left in death's cold sleep,
In "Glory's bed," they rest—then why
Such tears for fellows paid to—die?
Kings must have sport, and warriors, fame—
Shall War, then, be my thrilling theme?
Ah! no—Eliza would not choose
A theme so rude to stain thy page;
Far other themes, the minstrel knows,
Her gentle bosom best engage.

Lady, small joy 'twould thee afford
To sing thee of the festive board;
The venal muse's flattering strain
Applause of thine may never gain;
Nor wouldst thou praise, if I should try
With shaft satiric to annoy
My erring brother passing by:
The evils which we cannot cure
But by inflicting greater, sure
'Tis best in silence to endure.

* * * * *

Were mine the Harp of Ettrick old,
Here would Tradition's tale be told—
The sheeted ghost, that faithless swain
Would shun, but ever shuns in vain;
The elf that rides on midnight broom,
The seer foretelling things to come;
The fairy folk in mantles green,
In this blind age but seldom seen,
Yet, to our fathers known full well,
And seen more oft than I can tell.

Fond strains that mourn the early lost,
O come in all your sweetness here;
Of tender memories wake a host,
And let each memory claim a tear.

Here also be the soul-born song
That kindles at the bondsman's wrong,
And bids him, as our brother, be,
O'er all the earth, a brother free.

And here be, too, the strain that tells
Of woodlands green and flow'ry dells—
The mountain tow'ring in its pride,
The torrent dashing down its side,
The heather blooming on its breast,
The red-deer in its corries chased,
The grey mist curling round its brow,
The lake, reflecting all, below—
Yes, ev'n in fancy but to see
My Highland Home, is bliss to me!

But more than all, of themes most dear,
Be woman's love the favourite here—
Her love, without which Song were not,
Man a mere brute, and Earth a blot.
Love! richest boon to mortals given,
Sun of my life's oft-clouded sky!
I would not give thine anguish even
For any other earthly joy.

* * * * *

LINES,

ACCOMPANYING A BIRTH-DAY GIFT TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Some love the breath of vernal Spring;
Some Summer's leafy grove;—
Some love the sports which Autumn bring;
But Winter more *I* love.

For thou wert in the Winter born—
Thou to my heart so dear;
And this, too, is the happy Morn,
The happiest of the year!

'Tis true no scent of flowers, nor hymn
Of forest songsters free,
Nor aught of beauty, marks the time
Of thy nativity.

But then, to make atonement due
For all his wrath despoils,
He gave—what more could Winter do?
A summer in thy smiles.

Hail, then, unto thy natal day!
And ever with it be
Affection—friendship's warmest ray,
And health and wealth to thee.

Love, too, I would have wish'd thy guest,
But that I know *it* brings
Less balm than poison to the breast,
That snake of many stings!

Long bloom, thou flow'r of Beauty, bloom,
Safe from each chilling blast;
Thy sun be never lost in gloom,
But radiant to the last.

And when to beautify our Earth
No longer thou art given,
Oh, may'st thou have a brighter birth,
And ever bloom, in Heaven!

23rd Nov. 1845.

LOCH-DUICH. *

(From the Gaelic.)

[The original of this and the two following Poems may be found in the last published Collection of the Author's Gaelic Productions.]

LOCH-DUICH! hail, thou bright scene resplendent!
O were the harp of old Ossian mine,
Then, then in strains as my theme transcendent,
Thy charms unmatched would for ever shine.

While storms are often o'er Ocean sweeping,
Unbroken here is thy slumber deep,—
Like childhood blest in the bosom sleeping
Of some sad mother who wakes to weep.

The fisher, far 'mid the tempest toiling,
Thinks on thee—soon o'er the billows bound
His skiff—and soon turn his fears to smiling,
When still a Saviour in thee is found.

Ye hills that soar in stern beauty yonder,
Proud watchers over Loch-duich's rest,
How blest to gaze on your own dread grandeur
Thus mirror'd daily in Duich's breast!

* *Dubh-fheathach*—Calmly deep, an appelation sufficiently descriptive of this beautiful arm of the Sea, surrounded as it is by an amphitheatre of mountains, by far the most picturesquely grand of any on the North-west Coast of Scotland.

When Eve's fair star in the West is glancing,
Give me your glories then to behold,—
Or when the Morning, with smile entrancing,
Flings o'er your foreheads a wreath of gold.

Hark! hark those urchins among the heather—
Amazed, one views the scene submarine;
"Lo! hazel grows in Loch-duich, brother,
And berries, too, and brown nuts, I ween."

Where, half-bewilder'd, where is he gazing,
That simple herd-boy, for his lost kine?
Beneath the wave what though flocks be grazing,
Be not alarm'd—none of them are thine.

Dun-donnan! * rising there grim and hoary—
Thou ghost of greatness long pass'd away,
Outliving scenes once thy grace and glory,
No wonder thou look'st so sad and grey.

Thou seem'st like Ossian, alone, lamenting
For joys departed—for kindred dead;
Time, thy stern foeman, knows no relenting;
Soon, soon shall all but thy fame be fled.

'Tis said, when moonbeams are round thee gleaming,
Oft by thy sea-circled base is seen

* Once the residence of the "Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high Chief of Kintail!"

A bright-hair'd form of the fairest seeming,
And sad her song as thyself, I ween.

But not for thee is she sad, grey Tower—
Her plaint reveals she has loved in vain,
While he who far from her coral bower
Has lured her, comes not to soothe her pain.

Sing on, fond nymph! sing thy song relieving;—
Alike on Earth or in Ocean born,
The heart with fondest affection heaving,
O ever thus lives most sorrow-torn!

Ye streams, that ever in grateful numbers
Pour to Loch-duich your tribute due,
I marvel not it so often slumbers,
When lull'd by anthems thus sung by you.

Here—through the flow'r-mantled meadow passing,
Ye lingering waken your softest song;
There—down the steep, bright as sunbeams flashing,
Ye ceaseless roar, rage, and rush along.

Scur-òrain, chief of a thousand mountains!
Storm-swept and bare though thy forehead be,
The stag delights to live by thy fountains—
Hark! 'tis the cry of the Chase in thee.

What though, in fleetness the winds excelling,
The quarry far to the desert flies,—
In vain—ere ceases that chase unfeeling,
The antler'd Pride of the Forest dies.

Where be the groves that first hear the singing
Of Spring's sweet usher, the cuckoo gay?
Where, like fond hopes in some sad heart springing,
The wild-flowers grace even Winter's sway?

O where is Beauty's bright bosom panting,
Glad-list'ning oft to the minstrel's tale?
Where but beside thee, thou Lake enchanting,
Where but around thee, loved Invershiel!

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG AND LOVELY FRIEND.

(From the Gaelic.)

She died—like a cloudlet that blissfully glows
In the steps of the young blushing Dawn, till the Sun,
As if envious, starts from his couch of repose,
And that cloudlet of beauty is vanish'd—is gone!

She died—like a sunbeam that bursts through the cloud,—
It was lovely—but shadows soon chased it away!
Or the Bow of which heaven but lately seem'd proud,—
But the shower has descended—where now is it, say?

She died—like the snow, that, when ocean recedes,
In its loveliness rests on some wave-beaten shore:
'Tis a moment,—for, lo! the rude tide onward speeds,
And we look but to mourn its existence is o'er.

She died—like the fall of some tear-causing lay,
When we would the sweet sorrow for ever might last;
She died—like some sweet, half-told tale—O, the day
That the joy of our hearts could be thus overcast!

She died—like the moonbeam that, transient, doth break
On the mariner's path, the dark ocean upon;
She died—like a dream of delight—we awake,
We awake but to weep the delusion is gone.

She died—Oh! she died in life's morn—we are left
But the sorrow, the anguish that cannot decay!
She died—as if yonder bright sun were bereft
Of his glory, eclipsed in some morning of May!

A LOVER'S LAMENT,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MISTRESS.

(From the Gaelic.)

My heart! what sun can pierce thy cloud of grief?
What strains to-day can bring thy woes relief?—
The pipe's glad notes, the harp's sweet thrilling sound
In vain would cheer thy ever cureless wound!

When the pure stream, whose every wave was joy,
Hath left its channel now for ever dry;
When Hope's fair paradise is blasted—waste—
And dark Despair alone my bosom's guest,—

When Beauty's star hath shed her latest ray,
When Friendship's sun no more may grace the day;
When my fond heart—once sorrow's deepest foe—
Lies in the dust, o'erwhelm'd and crush'd with woe.

When Death, the spoiler, is my love's bridegroom,
When Youth, Love, Innocence, lie in the tomb—
What iron breast a heart unwounded wears?
What frozen eye would not shed floods of tears?

Relentless Death! to prove how great a foe
Thou art to all we meet of heaven below,
Say, was there nought thy cruelty to prove
Except thou strik'st my unresisting dove?

Yet, hadst thou known how fair, how good was she—
How, when she died, death were a boon to me,—
O blind and cruel as thou ever art,
Thyself wouldst weep, and curse thy fatal dart!

'Tis Spring again,—but what to *me* is Spring?
No lark of mine now carols on the wing;
My tree was green, yet, soon the storms did blow—
It fell,—the flower which bloom'd for me lies low!

The swan may now in pride of beauty float,
The rose exult, the mavis swell her note,
Day's gaudy orb a brighter smile assume,—
My fairer Sun, my Jessie's in the tomb!

Where are ye now, ye slaves of malice, where?
To make her cold to me was once your care;
In vain that care while Jessie's heart could beat—
To-day alas! your triumph is complete.

In darkest night there is some star to cheer;
The sun, though clouded, will again appear;

In Flora's lap stern Winter yields his breath,
Although *my* grief must vanish but in death.

Alas for Life! its frail unequal thread
Is—like the gossamer in sunshine spread—
The feeble wreck of the first passing blast,
And yieldeth first where it should longest last.

Say, on what tree the lightning loves to prove
Its with'ring strength? The fairest in the grove.
What is too oft the hawk's defenceless prey?
The sweetest songster in the leafy spray.

Like rainbow born to glitter, weep, and die,
So Genius early seeks her native sky;
O'er Friendship's breast the green grass soon doth wave,
And loves the yew to float o'er Beauty's early grave.

Land of Forgetfulness! O Grave, be so
To such as never gave thee friend or foe;
But while my Jessie homage yields to thee,
Remembrance ever be thy name with me.

O why so soon in death's eternal sleep
Closed Jessie's eyes?—was it that mine should weep?
Our hearts were flowers that only side by side
Could flourish—Fate! O wherefore them divide? (15.)

Shade of my love! if it indeed be true
That forms celestial mortals here may view,
Be often present to the mourner's eyes,
And cheer his heart with tidings of the skies.

And say, O gentle spirit of my dear!
When on her grave too rapid flows my tear,
"Fond youth, forbear those sighs—thy sorrows quell—
It is not *here* that Jessie *all* doth dwell."

Tell me she lives, for ever fair and bright,
Above yon sun, in climes unknown to night,
And that of forms that chant their Maker's praise,
She shines the brightest, sings the sweetest lays.

Nor yet forget, sweet Shade! to tell me, though
She lives where streams of pleasure ever flow,
That often yet she loves to think on me,
And were I there, could still more happy be.

Yes, lovely Vision! I shall soon be gone;
My spirit longs to join thee, sainted one!
Were heavenly bliss to human merit given,
Thine were a passport for us both to Heaven.

TO A FRIEND,

IN EXPECTATION OF AN APPOINTMENT IN A CERTAIN PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENT.

If thou canst at last agree, sir,
All thou once could scorn, to be, sir,
Bend thy head—the yoke is near;
Come, devoted one, come here.

Wouldst thou—let me plainly speak, sir—
Kiss the hoof that would thee kick, sir?
Soul-less sneak, and cringe, and fear?
Then, by all means, hasten here.

If the sycophant thou'dst play, sir,
Fawn and flatter all the day, sir,
Lo, promotion's road is clear—
Child of Fortune! hasten here.

Wouldst thou for thy masters know, sir,
Things thou once wouldst think too low, sir,
For thy *smugaid? Creid gur fior*,
Thou'rt the man to prosper here.

Yet, for all such prospects cheery,
If thou comest, much I fear me,
Thou wilt sometimes, sighing, swear,
"Better I were hang'd than here!"

LINES,

PENCILLED ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HUME'S ESSAYS, IN THE LIBRARY AT ARDMARNOCK HOUSE.

THE dreamy sage who first alleged
Man has no soul at all,
Had he Clan Ivor's Chief but seen,
His words he'd soon recall,—

And quite agree with more than me—
(To swear it I am ready)
That there lives *one* at least, who has
Much more of soul than body.

May death be late to seek his gate,
May care ne'er at his door knock;
And when he dies, O may the skies
Thrice welcome kind ARDMARNOCK!

LINES,

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF A GIRL CARESSING A DOG.

(Painted by Mr. M'Innes, Inverness.)

O MINIATURE of Beauty, heavenly fair!
Thou little seraph ever smiling there,
If breath were thine, how gladly would I be
Myself a dog—to be caressed by thee!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE HILL OF CRAIGFORTH, DURING A WAL WITH MY FRIEND MR. M'COLL, GAME KEEPER THERE.

ADAM! if *now*, by Heaven's decree,
Thou hadst from Paradise to flee,
Wouldst thou but bend thy journey north,
Wouldst thou but come to fair *Craigforth*,
There might'st thou find as sweet an Eden,
And, wanting Eve, as bright a maiden.

SONGS.

THE HILLS OF THE HEATHER.

GAELIC AIR,—"*Air fàilirin ilirin, ùilirin O, &c.*"

GIVE the swains of Italia
'Mong myrtles to rove,
Give the proud, sullen Spaniard
His bright orange grove;
Give gold-sanded streams
To the sons of Chilli,
But, Oh! give the Hills
Of the Heather to me.

The hills where the hunter
Oft soundeth his horn,—
Where sweetest the skylark
Awakens the morn:—
The grey cliff, the blue loch,
The stream's dashing glee,
Endear the red Hills
Of the Heather to me.

There frequent resoundeth
The pipe's thrilling peal;
There Love fondest whispers
To Beauty his tale;
There—Freedom's own darling!
The Gäel lives free,—
Then, Oh! give the Hills
Of the Heather to me.

THE LASSIE I LOVE.

AIR,—"*Bi falbh o'n uinneig, a ghaoil, a ghaoil!*" &c.
(An old Hebridean Melody.)

THE lassie wha met me yestreen, yestreen,
Wha blushed as I kiss'd her, unseen, unseen,
Wha o'er the warld wi' me wad rove, wad rove,
O this is the lassie I love, I love.
Wha o'er, &c.

Her hair it is bricht as the gleam, the gleam,
Of starlets asleep on the stream, the stream,
And sweet as their nectar above, above,
The lips o' the lassie I love, I love.
And sweet, &c.

The rosebud saft blushing in May, in May,
The star o' the gloamin, sae gay, sae gay,
The daisie sae modest, the dove, the dove,
Are types o' the lassie I love, I love.
The daisie, &c.

Tho' richer lads court her, yet she, yet she
Mair lovingly smileth on me, on me;
And Venus wad tempt me to rove, to rove
In vain frae the lassie I love, I love.
And Venus, &c.

When misers care naething for gold, for gold,
When India's summer is cold, is cold,
When the Pole-star shall vary, I'll prove, I'll prove
Then false to the lassie I love, I love.
When the, &c.

AND MUST I BID A LAST FAREWELL.

GAELIC AIR,—"*An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh.*"

AND must I bid a last farewell—
A long, a sad adieu,
To lake and forest, flood and fell?
To all I loved so true?

Our bark bounds o'er the billows free,
Night's shadows are at hand,
And I must see no more of thee,
My dear, dear Fatherland!

O Scotland! o'er th' Atlantic's roar
Tho' fated to depart,
Nor fortune's frown nor tyrant's power
Can tear thee from my heart;—
My happy, happy Highland home,
Still far away thou'lt seem
An Eden bright in Fancy's light,
A Heaven in Memory's dream!

Land of the pibroch and the plaid,
The hearts so warm and true,
Land of the greenwood and the glade,
Land of my love, adieu.
Land of the brave, the fair, the free,
May foe ne'er touch thy strand:
Farewell to thee! farewell to thee!
My dear, dear Fatherland!

HIELAND ANNIE O!

GAELIC AIR,—"*Mòr, ni'an a Ghiobarlain.*"

O WHA'S like the wee thing that dwells in yon glennie, O?
O wha's like my fair one, my sweet Hieland Annie, O?
She's happy as a fairy—she's pure as she is bonnie, O,
And dear to this bosom is young Hieland Annie, O.

O what's like the cheek of my young Hieland Annie, O?
And what's like her mou', that wee fountain o' honey, O?
Her cheek's the blush o' dawning,—her mou' is—O!
I kenna how,
Yet wad I die for ae kiss frae young Hieland Annie, O.

O Heaven, in thy care keep my young Hieland Annie, O,
I ask of thee nae mair than my fair Hieland Annie, O!
O give her to this bosom, that can't find comfort any, O,
Till in it lies its treasure, my dear Hieland Annie, O!

THE MAID OF LEVENSIDE.

AIR,—"*Mary's Dream.*"

'TIS Summer—On fair Lomond's breast
The zephyr wakes the infant wave,
And glides the brook with murmurs blest
Where late the torrent wild did rave;—
What bliss were mine now, could I have
A cottage by yon glassy tide,
Where I the rustic song might weave,
And kiss the Maid of Levenside!

The swan upon the Lake serene
May with his partner well be gay;
The linnet in yon bow'ry den
Awakes the love-rewarded lay;
The blackbird too, in yonder spray
Makes love to his own dark-robed bride;
Whilst I, alas, must lonely stray,
Far from the Maid of Levenside.

False fortune's frown is ill to prove,
And slavery's cup is hard to drain;
But harder still is it to love
And feel we are not loved again!

The thought is madness to this brain—
  This heart that would its last drop void
One smile, one pitying look to gain
  From the sweet Maid of Levenside.

Oh, that I were some little bird
  To pour my heart in music near
Fair Anna's bow'r, and as she heard,
  To hear her call me "sweet" or "dear,"
O how my little heart 'twould cheer!
  How would my bosom swell with pride!
If she's not mine, death, end my care,
  And let me sleep on Levenside.

MOIDART MARY.

AIR,—"*My Nanny O.*"

THE lass I lo'e—the lass I lo'e
  Is modest, sweet an' cheerie, O;
Would Fate ensure me bliss below,
  Then mine be Moidart Mary, O.

Let ither bards some fabled muse
Invoke till they are weary, O;
My theme, my muse, till life's last close,
Shall be young Moidart Mary, O.

The blushing morn is fair to view,
But fairer far my dearie, O;
Sweet is the rose when gem'd wi' dew,
But sweeter still is Mary, O.

The laverock loves the summer sky,
The kid loves mountain airy, O,
But my delight is to be nigh
My ever-smiling Mary, O.

O blessed is the hour that gies
His hame to Exile drearie, O;
Mair blessed still the hour that sees
With me my Moidart Mary, O.

Tho' beautiful beyond compare
My charmer be, what care I, O?
'Tis innocence that makes sae dear
To me my lovely Mary, O.

THE BRIDE.

I saw her in the mazy dance,
  Love sparkling in her eye;
I saw her move in happiness,
  Like vision of the sky!
'Twas then around my throbbing heart
  Love twined his iron chain;
'Twas then I'd give a world to know
  I loved not all in vain.

The music ceased,—I saw her sit
  Upon another's knee;
I saw her smile, but, cruel fate!
  That smile was not for me;
They told me she that very night
  Resign'd her maiden name;
'Twas then I'd give a world to find
  'Twas all a midnight dream.

THE BONNIE SCOTCH LASS.

Ye maidens of England, O wha can surpass ye
In a' that is innocent, gracefu', or fair?
I ken but o' ane—she's my ain loving lassie—
The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.
What tho' for your silkens she gangs in her plaidie,
What tho' that her kindred nae gowd hae to spare,
Yet rich were her lover, and blest, should his bride be
The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

What tho' I've nae courage to tell her my wishes,
For fear she'll deny—still, I winna despair
Sae lang as, to see me, looks downward and blushes
The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.
O! when shall it be that, accepted and lo'esome,
I'll tell to my loved one how much she's my care?
O when, as my ain, shall I strain to my bosom
The bonnie Scotch lass wi' the bricht gowden hair?

MAGGIE STUART.

O, BUT she's sweet an' bonnie,
Sweet an' bonny, blithe as ony,—
O, but she's sweet an' bonnie,
Lovely Maggie Stuart.

Ye who would see a' that's rarest,
A' to hearts like mine the dearest,
A' that's purest, fondest, fairest,
Look on Maggie Stuart!
O, but she's sweet, &c.

Sweet her smile as May-morn beaming,
Bright her eye as starlet gleaming;
With a thousand graces teeming
Is young Maggie Stuart.
O, but she's sweet, &c.

Thinking of her late an' early,
I ken *ane* wha sleeps but spairly;—
Wiser men than he are fairly
Daft for Maggie Stuart.
O, but she's sweet, &c.

Tho' frae friends an' fortune driven,
He to whom her love is given
Anywhere may find a heaven,
Blest with Maggie Stuart!
O, but she's sweet, &c.

THE BONNIE LASS I MET YESTREEN.

AIR,—"*Hieland Harry.*"

FAIR is she I met yestreen,
Fair is she I met yestreen,
Bonnie, smiling, witching May!
She's taen away my heart, I ween.

Ance my step was licht as air;
Ance I laugh'd at lovers' maen;
But that was ere I kent how fair
Was she, the lass I met yestreen,
Fair is she, &c.

Let preachers paint wi' pious toil
A heaven above yon azure screen;
For me, I find it in the smile
Of the sweet lass I met yestreen!
Fair is she, &c.

O that less wealthy were her kin,
That less angelic were her mien!
I then micht hope to woo an' win
The bonnie lass I met yestreen.
Fair is she, &c.

Yet, if her looks I read aright,
She yet may be my bosom's queen;
Nor for Lov'es Queen herself I'd slight
The bonnie lass I met yestreen.
Fair is she, &c.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

AIR,—"*Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon.*"

THE shepherd boy was far away.—
His heart was heavy, and his song
Was often pour'd at close of day,
While cheer'd him thus the rustic throng:—
"The maidens here are fair and free,
The birds declare the springtime come;"
Yet sadly, sweetly still sung he—
"Oh! this is not my native home."

"Gay glides the troutling in the burn,
O'er flowery fields the lambkins stray,
Sweet sings the blackbird in yon thorn,
And light the laverock's loveborn lay;"
And lo, as if to gladden thee,
Our knowes are deck'd wi' golden brow:
Yet sadly, sweetly still sung he—
"Oh! this is not my native home."

THE FLOW'RET THAT BLOOMS IN GLENFYNE.

AIR,—"*Hail to the Chief.*"

O THAT I might live with my love in some shieling,
Far, far from the scenes in which Pride has her home:—
In some sweet fairy spot where the roe makes his dwelling,
And springs the green bracken, and blossoms the broom;
There—free from the fears that now haunt my fond bosom,
No proud wealthy rival to make me repine—
Close, close to my heart, O! I'd aye keep my blossom,
Yon lovely wee Flow'ret that blooms in Glenfyne,

Each morn with the lark would I waken, so cheerie,
The wild deer to chase, while like sweet-laden bee,
At evening returning, I'd haste to my dearie—
Love swelling my bosom, joy filling my e'e:
And when with a kiss she would welcome her lover,
Oh! what were a crown and its pleasures to mine?
If envy, bright angels! could dwell with ye ever,
It would be to see me with the Flower of Glenfyne.

BELLA.

Ye've seen, from brightest blue,
The star of gloamin' gleam—
The rosebud wet wi' dew,
The rowan by the stream;—
But naething hae ye seen,
And ne'er may see, I trow,
Sae bright as Bella's een,
Sae red as Bella's mou.'

Ye've seen the snow-wreath high,
The wild wave's rushing leap,
The lake when zephyrs die,
And sunbeams on it sleep;—
Yet naething hae ye seen,
And ne'er may see, I trow,
Sae white as Bella's skin,
Sae calm as Bella's brow.

MY BLESSINGS ON THEE, MARY.

AIR,—"*Nighean donn an t-sùgraidh.*"

My blessings on thee, Mary!
My bonnie blue-eyed Mary—
The love I bear my fair one
Is all my heart can carry, O.

Why seem the bards to slumber?
What can the harp encumber,
When of each sweetest number
Sae worthy is my Mary, O?
My blessings, &c.

The sunbeam on the ocean,
The swan on Shira's bosom,
The Maytime's brightest blossom,
Are emblems of my Mary, O.
My blessings, &c.

Ye bards, then, look around ye.
Confess the spell hath bound me:
A fairer theme ne'er found ye
Frae Venus down to Mary, O!
My blessings, &c.

Like beauty's queen before her,
None sees but to adore her:
A thousand languish for her,
Yet constant still is Mary, O.
My blessings, &c.

O WHY DO I LOVE THEE, GLENARA?

O WHY do I love thee, Glenara, O why?
'Tis not for thy plains or thy woods waving high,
Thy flowers wildly blooming, or brown heather braes,—
Glenara, Glenara, I care not for these.

I love thee—but not for thy echoing hills,
I court thee—but not for thy crystalline rills;
I haunt thee—but not for thy fountains so clear,
And the chase on thy mountains allures me not here.

Oh no! for unheeded the roe now skips by,
The wild foaming cascade is nought in mine eye;
Sweet Glen! what then makes thee an Eden to me?
'Tis the lass with the bright and the blue rolling e'e,

Yes, maid of my love! as a bee that has found
Some sweet-laden bloom, as it wanders around,
Returns and returns oft to feast on his prize,
Even so my heart moves to drink love from thine eyes.

False friendship may flatter, coy fortune may smile,
And hope's dazzling meteor shine soon to beguile;
Away with such shadows! there's nothing to me
Like the lass with the bright and the blue rolling e'e.

THE BRODIE IS WED!

[Written on the occasion of THE BRODIE'S Marriage with Miss Baillie, in 1838; and now respectfully inscribed to Norman M'Leod, Esq. of Dalvey.]

AIR,—"*Woo'd an' married an' a'.*"

THERE are "gatherings" all over old Moray,
'Tis not to make king of a Thane;
'Tis not to resist some rude foray,
Nor yet to drive homeward the Dane.

O no,—in a calmer direction
The tide of our feelings is led;
Our joy is a common infection;
THE BRODIE—THE BRODIE is wed!

Then, loud be the shout and the song,
Our hills and our valleys among!
Here's health to the *Rooftree* of Brodie,
And green may it flourish and long!

Let the Pibroch sound loud and still louder,
Let bonfires chase Night from her throne;
A flower of bright hue and sweet odour—
A gem of the Mountains is won!
Long, long in the breast that shall wear it
With pride, may its fragrance be spread;
And soon may young blossoms blush near it,
To prove that THE BRODIE is wed!

Then, loud be the shout and the song,
Our hills and our valleys among!
Here's health to the *Rooftree* of Brodie,
And green may it flourish and long!

HIGHLAND NANCY.

AIR,—*Am muileann dubh," or "Loch Errochside."*

FOR Lowland belles let others pine—
They'll never win a sigh of mine;
O Nature, give some bloom of thine—
  Give me my Highland Nancy.
For gay and bright as sunny beams,
Or forms that visit poets' dreams,
And pure as her own fairy streams
  Is she, my Highland Nancy.

Unknown to smile but when she's fain,
She sighs when she is sad again;
O sure 'twould be a heaven to gain
  The love of Highland Nancy!
Place me, ye Fates, 'mid Arctic frost,
Or on Fernando's sultry coast,
I'd seek no more, to make me blest
  Ev'n there, but Highland Nancy.

O, Ossian! wert thou but to come
Once more to see thy mountain home,
Malvina's self in all her bloom
  Ye'd surpass'd by Nancy.

Descend, immortal son of song!
And bring thy airy harp along—
To "Oona's voice" alone belong
To tell how bright is Nancy.

THE APOLOGY.

Indeed, I will take no denying—
'Tis nonsence of prudence to preach!
You know, love, that all such cold virtues,
Were ever beyond my poor reach.
Come, come, then—from such a rich store, no
What needs you should take it amiss,
If proving how much I adore thee,
I sometimes should pilfer a kiss?

O passion directed by prudence,
Go teach to the saint if you will;
Proclaim it unto yon old grey beard
Whose joy is his coffers to fill;
As for me, all I care is to win it,
If death were the price of my bliss,
So no more of the shame or the sin o't,—
Take my life, if you please, but I'll kiss!

BONNIE ISABELL.

AIR,—"*Roslin Castle.*"

Now summer crowns the flow'ry plains,
And ever-smiling gladness reigns;
The streams make music, an' the sun
Looks at himsel' in ilka linn;—
While poets raptured sing o' May,
And love is in the lav'rock's lay,
Gi'e me to dauner up yon dell,
An' kiss my bonnie Isabell.

O bright is May-time's laughing beams,
And sweet is autumn's lunar gleams,
But when my charmer smiles on me,
I guess what heaven itself maun be!
With heaving breast an' sunny brow,
She seems a living form o' snow,—
And Innocence her emblem will
Find in my bonnie Isabell.

Ye seraphs, ever guard my love,—
But as ye hover round the dove,
O gaze not often on her eyes—
They'd make ye to forget the skies!

An' then her lips—take care! take care!
If once ye'd taste the sweets that's there,
I fear ye'd get as fond's mysel'
Of kissing bonnie Isabell!

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

And thou wilt sing the song, sweet child!
When I am far away,
And thou wilt wake the echoes wild
To list unto the lay;
This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,—
Forget though others may,
That thou wilt sing the song, sweet child,
When I am far away.

Unknown to wealth and friendship, too,
Though oft the minstrel sings,
Give him his "fame," though small the due,
He'll laugh at crowns and kings;
Ev'n I—the thought is heaven to me—
Ev'n I my meed shall ha'e,
Since thou wilt sing the song, sweet child!
When I am far away.

AWAY WITH LOVE'S FETTERS.

AIR,—"*Màiri chruinn donn,*" *or,* "*Humours of Glen.*"

AWAY with Love's fetters! with me wouldst thou wander
In calm summer morn, when, bespangled with dew,
The wild roses bloom by the streams that meander,
And blush at their shadows reflected below;
Oh, then ye'd confess that, though woman be charming,
And 'witching the glances that dart from her eye,
Compared with the graces of Nature's rude forming,
She is lovely no more—then away from her fly.

Away with Love's fetters! when evening advances,
And brightly in ocean sets yon golden sun,
When a thousand bright stars in the blue heaven dance, as
They seem to say, Mortals, be gay while you can;—
When slumbers the lake,—and the streamlets descending,
Seem gold, as they glance in the moon's mellow light,
Oh! where is the dotard, all dotards transcending,
That whining and pining thinks woman more bright?

THE ROSE THAT BLOOM'D BY ARROCHAR

AIR,—"*Farewell to Fionary.*"

CHARMING, charming, fond and true,
Smiling, ever smiling, too,
Was she, the flow'r of sweetest hue—
The Rose that bloom'd by Arrochar.

My mountain Home, a paradise
Once thou wert in Evan's eyes,
When, like the sun in summer skies,
Young Peggy smiled on Arrochar.
Charming, &c.

Wake, gentle echoes of the Glen,
But not to pleasure's wonted strain;
Alas! can any thing be fain
When Peggy's far from Arrochar?
Charming, &c.

Cease, fond lark, thy happy lay,
Mavis, why art thou so gay?

Know ye not my love's away
Far, far from me and Arrochar?
Charming, &c.

Flow'rets! why to me recall
The gem that did surpass ye all?
Is it to make my tears to fall,
Yet vainly fall, by Arrochar!
Charming, &c.

Fly, Phœbus, with thy gladsome ray,—
Thou mind'st me of love's happy day;
Go shine where love and beauty stray,
But Oh! shun me and Arrochar.
Charming, &c.

Come Night! and bring thy happiest dream—
Restore the bow'r beside the stream,
Where sweetly still my love may seem
To smile on me and Arrochar.
Charming, &c.

I HAD A DREAM.

I HAD a dream of yesternight, I saw the wide blue Sea,
And by the beach a cottage bright, o'ershadow'd by a tree,
And in that cottage was a maid more fair than blushing morn—
Possessing her, a thousand thrones, a thousand queens I'd scorn!

As e'er ye've seen in darkest night some lovely star appear,
One only, that with gentle light the wayworn wight would cheer,
And then the rebel gloomy clouds enshroud the lonely beam—
That star was her I saw—the clouds were sounds that broke my dream.

THE MAID I FANCY.

AIR,—"*The Girl I left behind me.*"

LET Tannahill, in tender strain,
Sing her o' Arrantennie;
Let Ettrick's bard, in witching vein
Extol tho "bright Kilmeny;"
Let Burns sing o' his "bonnie Jean"—
My sweeter theme be Nancy;
The fairest lass e'er sung or seen
Is my ain loving fancy.

The buddin' rose ere yet the bee
Hath robb'd its honey fountain,
Or Dawn, when blushin' sweet to see
The sun blink o'er the mountain,
Sae lovely looks my lassie, when
I kiss her whaur nane can see;
Tho' humbly born, in grace a queen
Is my ain loving fancy.

My Nanny's poor as poor can be,
But, O, her love's a treasure;
An' when I ken 'tis a' for me,
I ken a heaven o' pleasure?

Let misers dream o' sordid gains,
An' statesmen o' their plans aye;
My joy of joys, while life remains,
Shall be the maid I fancy.

OH! TELL ME NOT OF SPRING'S RETU

Oh! tell me not of Spring's return—
Of flow'ry mead or leafy grove,
Of glassy lake or limpid burn,—
Such scenes my heart no more can love;
When Jessie's on the bed of pain—
When fades the flower alone I prize,
Spring smiles for me, all—all in vain,
Rejoicing Nature mocks my sighs!

What though yon sun more brightly gleams,
What though yon birds more sweetly sing,
The sun *I* loved dark-setting seems—
My lark no more is on the wing;
Though all around you gladness reigns,
When Death's cold hand on Jessie lies
Say not 'tis Spring, ye heartless swains!
'Tis Winter! Winter! in mine eyes.

MARY OF GLENGYLE.

Be it March, or be it May,
Be it dark December day,
Mary—ever-blooming flower—
Flourishes in yonder bower.
Rustic swain although I be,
Kings, ye well might envy me,
When she meets me with a smile,
Happy in her own Glengyle.

Let me rest or let me rove,
Frequent glen or frequent grove,
Mary's image, ever near,
Cheers my heart and chases care;
When I dream, 'tis her I see
Ever smiling upon me,
Where she sings and laughs the while,
Happy in her own Glengyle.

Once the streamlets murmur'd sweet,
Once the lambs could fondly bleat,
Once the lark could sweetly sing;—
Once the harp could rapture bring,

Now upon my listless ear
Music floats and fails to cheer;
Nothing but my Mary's smile
Makes me happy in Glengyle.

THE FORSAKEN ONE TO HER CHILD.

AIR,—"*John Anderson, my Joe.*"

OH, hush! my bonnie wee love,—
Weel may I rue the day
Thy faither met wi' me, love,
Down by yon birken brae;
The cushat there was cooing,
The woodlark warbled near,
And O! how he was vowin', love,
I'd ever be his dear.

He said my neck an' bosom
Were white as winter's snow,
An' that the rose in blossom
Was naething to my mou';

He kisséd me sae fondly,
He bade me not to fear,
Let me be nc'er sae kindly, love,
He'd ever ca' me dear.

O! sleep, my baby—sleep, love!
And sweet thy slumbers be;
Why shouldst thou see her weep, love,
Who lives alone for thee?
Alas for the forsaken
To the cold world's disdain!
When comes God's hour of reckoning,
Alas the faithless then!

GLENARA'S BLOOMING ROSE.

Now Spring so glad her favours spreads
O'er mountain, glen, and grove;
Each den and dell's gay chorus tells
It is the time of love.
In cities gay let others stay,
Give me, where Glutlinn flows,
To kiss and love the livelong day
Glenara's blooming Rose.

When Summer comes with warmer beams,
My bonnie bow'r shall be
In some fair scene 'mid woodlands green
And fairy minstrelsy;
With choicest flow'rets from the lee
I'll strew its shady boughs,
And then transplant, all fragrant, there
Glenara's blooming Rose.

And when hoar-headed Winter comes,
In snowy garb array'd,
And leaf and flow'r relentless dooms
To wither in the shade,
In yonder bower will bloom my flow'r
Safe from each blast that blows,
For Love shall there make all his care
Glenara's blooming Rose.

O APRIL! SWEET SEASON.

AIR,—"*Logie o' Buchan.*"

O APRIL! sweet season of sunshine and showers,
Thou mind'st me of her who was fair as thy flowers,
As artless and fond as the lamb on the lea,
And kindly—too kindly, she smiled upon me.

Thou mind'st me of her who was sweet as the Dawn,
And bright as yon rainbow bespanning the lawn;
Who sung like thy wild-birds so gladsome and free,
And kindly—too kindly, she smiled upon me.

Hush! hush, ye gay songsters! or, join me to mourn
The lovely—the lost—that may never return!
Cold, cold now she lieth where I too would be,
Who kindly—too kindly, oft smiled upon me!

O April! sweet season of sunshine and showers,
Thou mind'st me of her who was fair as thy flowers;
They die in their beauty, alas! so did *she*:
But she lives in yon skies, and still smiles upon me.

IN THE GARB OF THE SONS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

AIR,—"*Donald M'Donald.*"

In the garb of the sons of the mountains
Young Charlie saluted our shore;
With the strains that are sung by our fountains
His heart was made happy or sore;
So loved he the Land of the Heather,
So well was our loyalty due,
That, "up with the bonnet and feather!"
What less for our Prince could we do?

Then, where is the bosom so tame
That fires not at Charlie's dear name?
While the heath on our mountains shall flourish
The Gäel shall cherish his fame.

O! honour'd be ever the heroes
Who drew for their Prince the claymore,
Who braved what the bravest would shrink from,
And died when they could do no more.
Oh, oft fled the mighty before ye—
But who can withstand fortune's frown?
Ye fell—but ye fell in your glory,
And your bed is the bed of renown!

Then, where is the bosom so tame
That fires not at Charlie's dear name?
While the heath on our mountains shall flourish
The Gäel shall cherish his fame.

WE LOVED.

We loved—she, young and innocent,
And comely as a seraph,
Long, long ere flatt'ry knew her, went
From me and home afar off.
Years pass'd—we met—I missed the blush
Which mark'd the child of nature;
'Twas told by motion, mien, and dress,
She was of art the creature.

That bosom though still "half divine,"
Those eyes though still enchanting,
Though still those locks like gold did shine,
There yet was something wanting
To wake the flame that brightly burn'd
Once with increasing ardour;—
I sigh'd for beauty, and I mourn'd
That folly was her warder.

THE MAID OF MORVEN.

A GAELIC AIR.

HAVE ye seen the rose in blossom,
Blushing on its thorny bough?
Have ye seen the modest primrose
Bending 'neath the silver dew?
Such was she—the maid who charm'd me,
Such the maid I still adore;
But the lovely Maid of Morven
I must soon leave evermore.

Soon, too soon, the restless ocean
Shall bear me far, far away,
But the love I bear my chosen
Ne'er can from this poor heart stray!
Deeply hid, like miser's treasure,
Lives thine image in its core;
But, ah me! sweet Maid of Morven,
I must leave thee evermore.

SHE TALKS OF FRIENDSHIP.

AIR,—"*Mary's Dream.*"

SHE talks of friendship,—so did I,
Until I felt so cold a name
Could ne'er express the ecstasy—
The thrilling bliss that shakes my frame,
When at the gloaming hour with me
She meets in yon shady grove;
Yet cruel, cruel the decree!
My Mary bids me cease to love.

Bid larks forget to hail the morn,
When smiling spring renews the year,
Bid fondest mother cease to mourn
When her first-born is on the bier;
Bid miser hate his gold,—the bee
Forbid in flow'ry May to rove;
But, Mary, since it cannot be,
Oh! never bid me cease to love.

ROLL, ROLL, YE SWELLING BILLOWS.

AIR,—"*Gu ma slàn a chì mi mo chailin dìleas donn, &c.*"

ROLL, roll, ye swelling billows,
Blow, blow, thou favouring wind;
Bear me to some far region
Where love is always kind:
Where love is always kind, and where
Young beauty is not sold;
Where I'll forget to rue the day
My Clara married gold.

Haste, haste, my bark, away now—
Bear me to some far Isle
Where I'll forget the false one,
Alike her frown and smile:
Where worth—not birth—distinction wins,
Where pride is all unknown,
And where the good and generous
Bloom ever and alone.

TO MARY.

THEY tell thee that I'm a deceiver,—
Mary, don't believe the tale;
While my heart beats, never, never
Shall deceit to thee prevail.

Those who hint that each succeeding
Maid I see my fancy warms,
Know not how my heart is pleading
To live only in thine arms.

Moons may change in yonder heaven,
Ocean still may ebb and flow,
But my love, so fondly given,
Change nor ebb shall ever know.

YOUNG ELLEN.

AIR,—"*The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

'TIS where Carskey rock-bounded braves
The wrath of the Atlantic waves,
Wild-rushing, when the south wind raves,
  Lives young enchanting Ellen.
There first my bosom heaved love's sighs,
There felt love's charming agonies,
There, there a second paradise
  Seem'd blooming round young Ellen!

Oh! why hath still the rose its thorn?
Or why was I thus lowly born
To live, all hopeless and forlorn,
  Far, far from lovely Ellen?
Yet, as the breath of zephyrs tell
Of flowers that deck the distant dell,
So in this heart shall ever dwell
  The image of young Ellen.

LOVELY MAID OF GREEN ISLAY.

AIR,—"*Cuachag an fhàsaich.*"

LOVELY maid of green Islay,
Green Islay, green Islay—
Lovely maid of green Islay—
Would'st thou dwell by the Aray?

Come, thou pride of my lay, come—
While all nature is gay, come,
In thy beauty, like May, come
To the bowers of Glenaray.
Lovely maid, &c.

When the voice of the grove there
Breathes of nothing but love there,
What a heaven to rove there,
Making love to my Mary!
Lovely maid, &c.

By the streamlets that glide there—
On some heather brae-side there
I'll the bower of my bride rear,
And for aye love young Mary.
Lovely maid, &c.

As to lamb the green lea there,
As the Spring to the tree there,
As the flower to the bee there,
Will to me be my Mary.
Lovely maid, &c.

IN VAIN ON ME YOU SMILE, MAID.

In vain on me you smile, maid,
In yonder grave my Jessie lies!
In vain each gentle wile, maid,
To cheer my heart or chase my sighs.
There's music in thy voice, maid,
Might charm an angel from the skies,—
But how can I rejoice, maid?
In yonder grave my Jessie lies!

Young Jessie was a sunbeam
That vanish'd and my soul is dark—
A lovely, though a lone beam,
To cheer me in life's fragile bark;
O she was all to me, maid,
That summer is to leafy grove,
And tears would dim her e'e, maid,
In heaven, should I faithless prove!

THE LASS OF LOCH SHIN.

AIR,—"*The Braes of Glenorchy.*"

O, red is the heather, and green is the brake,
And tranquilly sleepeth a blue-bosom'd lake,
In the Glen of my birth,—yet my sighs oft awake
When I think of the far-away Banks of Loch Shin;
For there lives a lassie that seems half divine,
There still in my dreams do we meet 'neath the Pine
Where often she own'd that her young heart was mine,
And wept when I left the loved Banks of Loch Shin.

Let the courtier bask still in royalty's rays;
Give the hero his laurel—the poet his bays;—
Far more blest would I be, if a herd on the braes
Where, in innocence drest, lives the Lass of Loch Shin:
What although but a shieling my dwelling might be,
With the maid of my bosom to share it with me,
Ev'ry hour passing o'er us in bliss would outweigh
An eternity thus from the Banks of Loch Shin!

ARROCHAR NANCY.

AIR,—"*Maolruainidh Glinneach.*"

MY harp, that did long o'er hill and hollow
The notes of melody waken,
Late pensive and sad, lay by the billow,
Of music wholly forsaken,
Till, roaming beside yon tide, one even,
I met what appear'd to my fancy
A form less akin to earth than heaven—
It was young Arrochar Nancy.

Her breast was the sun on Longa beaming,
Her hair was the wing of the raven,
And bright as the dew on rose-bud gleaming,
Her blue eye's love glance enslaving;
Her smile it was sweet as May-morn blushing,
Her step light as that of a Banshee;
I wish'd me the breeze that blew caressing
The form of Arrochar Nancy!

O keen are the joys the miser feeleth
When lonely counting his treasure,
And when the Bard wins his fame, how telleth
His eye the depth of his pleasure!

Thrice blest is the slave when Freedom shatters
His chain :—but, Fate, wouldst thou *one* see
More blest than them all, though bound in fetters,
Make mine, then, Arrochar Nancy.

O FOR AE FOND HOUR WI' ANNIE.

AIR,—"*O'er the muir, amang the heather.*"

O FOR ae fond hour wi' Annie !
O for ae fond hour wi' Annie !
O for ae fond witching hour
Wi' her that lo'es me best o' onie !

The Norlan' wind blaws chill an' high,
The muir is lang an' lone an' fenny,
The nicht is dark,—but what care I
While gaun to keep my tryste wi' Annie ?
O for ae fond hour, &c.

What tho' the snaw should reach my knee,
An' fordless be the streams, an' many,—
Though ghaists at ev'ry step I'd see,
I must, an' will be o'er to Annie.
O for ae fond hour, &c.

Let ithers praise her gracefu' form,
Her rosy cheek, her smile sae sunny—
The heart sae faithfu', fond, an' warm,
Be mine to praise in charming Annie.
O for ae fond hour, &c.

The heartless wretch, to gear a slave,
May gae an' woo a lass wi' money,
But Annie's love is a' I crave—
A fig for gowd compared wi' Annie!
O for ae fond honr, &c.

BONNIE BLINKIN' LOWLAND LASSIE.

AIR,—"*A Mhòrag, mar dean thu tighinn, &c.*"

BONNIE blinkin' Lowland lassie.
Tell me, tell me, yea or nay—
Gin a Hieland home can please thee,
Busk thee then, an' let us gae!

Fair is Fortha's side, love,
But fairer still my native valley;
By Lochshira's tide, love,
Thou shalt never rue thy stay.
Love an' joy await us
Where flow'rs are springing,
Echoes ringing
To a thousand wild birds singing—
Busk thee then, an' let us gae.
Bonnie blinkin, &c.

'Mang the heather knowes, there,
Skips the roe an' sports the lammie;
At the e'ening close there,
Sweet to hear the shepherd's lay.
Where through groves of hazel,
Their path concealing,
Streams are stealing,
We shall hae our happy dwelling,—
Busk thee then, an' let us gae.
Bonnie blinkin, &c.

Never was such welcome
As my blooming bride shall get there;
All the Valley shall come,
Happy to our bridal gay;
Loud shall sound the pibroch—
Feast an' dancing,
Mirth enhancing,
Long shall make our joys entrancing—
Busk thee then, an' let us gae!
Bonnie blinkin, &c.

THE MINSTREL'S DEARIE.

AIR,—"*Daintie Davie.*"

LIKE a fairy in her bower,
Gay an' cheerie, never eerie—
Lovely as a summer flower
Maun be the minstrel's dearie.

Let ithers look for love wi' gear,
I winna trust to find it there;
A plackless lass, if fond and fair,
Maun be the minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

She must be modest, mild, an' young,
A sunny soul of love an' song,
And happy as the day is long
Maun be the minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

Mair bright maun be her laughing eyes
Than stars that gem the e'ening skies;
Pure as a form of Paradise
Maun be the minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

Like morning blushing into day,
Like summer sunbeam smiling aye,
The very emblem of sweet May
Maun be the minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

Ye Gods! if such a nymph divine
Is ever destined to be mine,
Fair Fanny then you must incline
To be the minstrel's dearie.
Like a fairy, &c.

THE

MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

I've learned to look on Fame as
A breath of passing air;
The smiles of fickle Fortune
Were never much my care;
Hope's sweet but rainbow visions
Have fled without regret,—
But, oh, my rustic wild Harp,
I love—I love thee yet!

To Beauty's smile is given
My worship now no more;
Her love is not my heaven—
That wizard spell is o'er;
Yet dearer than the blossom
Of Summer to the bee,
Than fountain to the Desert,
Is my wild Harp to me!

NOTES.

Note I.

By Innisluana's haunted shore.—P. 1.

Lochavich is popularly believed to be the *Lochluana* of Ossian. Hence *Innis*luana—the only island seen on its bosom, and the supposed scene of Ossian's "Cathluana," and also of "Laoidh Fhraoich," another Ossianic poem. That prince of Celtic Scholars, the Rev. Dr. Smith, in a note to the first mentioned poem, (forming one of his collection of "Sean Dàna") says :—"The Lake of Lochavich in Lorn appears, from tradition, and from an old poem called *Laoidh Fhraoich*, to have been anciently called *Lochluaine* or *Lochluana*. Near it probably was the scene of this poem, as many places in its neighbourhood are still called after the names of some of Ossian's heroes." *'Innisluana nan' gorm bhad,'* as Ossian terms it, is still descriptive of the island on which stands the Castle of Lochavich—more romantically named in Gaelic, "Caisteal *na h-ighinne ruaidh*," in commemoration of the heroine of our Tale.

The tradition of the country as to the manner of her death, is not in exact accordance with the Author's version ; and he certainly owes the *seanachies* of Lorn an apology for so far *spoiling*, as they will doubtless imagine, this "tale of other years."

NOTE II.

It hastens oft to Erin's Shores
In search of Patrick of the Towers.—P. 3.

Tradition points to many a "ruin grey" on the coast of Argyleshire, said to have been reared by a famous architect of *Innis-fàil* known by the above appellation.

NOTE III. 1.

Among many other wonders connected with this Lake, the native lovers of the marvellous reckon

"*Fish without fin,*
Wave without win'
And a floating island."—P. 15.

NOTE III. 2.

May sing of Shades whose gloomy worth
Once awed and govern'd half the earth.—P. 29.

The Druids are here meant. Until St. Columba's time, Iona seems to have been as much the nursery of Druidical superstition as it was afterwards of Christian Truth. Hence *Innis nan Druineach*—*i.e.* the island of the Druids—is the name by which this celebrated spot was best known at the period of which we speak.

NOTE IV.

Leave Beauty not in vain to bloom.—P. 29.

The beauty of the women of Iona has long been proverbally celebrated. Hence "*I nam Ban bòidheach.*" Perhaps this appellation might apply more particularly to its religious Sisterhood, whose excluded and sanctified mode of life might lead the imagination of the Gael to invest them with a degree of beauty to which the modern daughters of Iona have no particular pretensions.

NOTE V.

Gazed on the Braar's terrific path;
Heard Lora's voice astounding.—P. 43.

The *Braar* is a name distinctive of that part of the River Awe extending for a mile or two from where it is first seen to burst from its parent lake: Lora—the "*Sruth Laoire*" so often alluded to by Ossian is identical with the modern *Cona-thuil*, the well known cataract on Loch-Etive.

NOTE VI.

Bewitching spot!
I wonder not
The muses love to haunt thee:—
And long, sweet Dream, may they delight to stray
Through thee with tuneful, king-descended Hay.—P. 45.

On one of a number of islets formed by the Beauly, as it passes through that wildly-romantic scene, the *Dream*, is

seen the residence of John Sobieski Stuart Hay, a grandson of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and Author of the "Bridal of Kilchurn," with many other poems of great merit.

Note VII.

Lord Breadalbane's March.—P. 56.

General Stewart, of Garth, in his "Sketches," p. 399, appears to be at fault in his account of the origin of this Tune —Our Argyleshire *seanachies* affirm it to have been the Black Knight of Lochawe's *Brosnacha-catha*, at the battle of Tomaphubuill, fought between the Campbells of Argyle and the men of Athol. The place where the contending parties met, and from which the battle takes its name, is a heathy acclivity, distant some five or six miles east from Cladich on Lochawe, in a direct line with Benvuidh, a hill of considerable height, rising at the upper extremity of Glenshira. Such of my readers as are familiar with *Iain Lom's* poetry, will remember his allusion to the scene of this hostile meeting :—

"Sann air leth-taobh Beinn-bhuidh
Sheas a bhuidheann nach gann, &c."

According to one hoary-headed chronicler known to the Author, when the rout commenced the Argyleshire Mintrels began the exulting strain.

"'Phrabagan dubh an fhraoich,
Thugaibh sibhs' am monadh oirbh!"

when, as if it were to complete the Tune, the vanquished party, as they fled, struck up

"A bhodach nam briogas,
Bi'dh sinne 'gur fâgail."

Note VIII.

On the "Paps" we gazed not;—Eigg, thy Cliff was forgot.—P. 65.

The Paps are a cluster of hills, of singular grandeur, rising in the island of Jura, and seen at a great distance;—the Cliff is an almost perpendicular peak of immense altitude, in the island of Eigg—forming one of the most striking and sublime objects that Hebridian scenery presents.

Note IX.

When nature Errick's hills did frame,
She blush'd their ruggedness to see.—P. 73.

I hope the Stratherrickers will pardon me this conceit. Stratherrick is, indeed, a very beautiful Strath; but the rocky barrier which separates it from Lochness, immediately opposite Glen Urquhart, is as rugged and barren as any thing may well be conceived.

Note X.

The maids who by the Ennerick move.—P. 74.

The nymphs of Glen Urquhart are, in general, very handsome. I know of no Highland Glen of equal extent, in which so many rustic beauties may be found. The Ennerick itself is one of the most charming streams that mortal eyes ever gazed on, and flows from the lovely Loch Meikly, in the Braes of Urquhart. After delightfully traversing the Glen below for many miles, it joins its beautiful sister, the Coiltie, on its journey to Lochness, then at no great distance.

Note XI.

Craigantairve.—P. 90.

The scene described in this Poem lies in the parish of Kilmartin, Argyleshire, and forms one of the most sweetly romantic landscapes in the Highlands of Scotland. It has often been compared to a Swiss landscape in miniature. At no great distance from this favoured spot—"the home of his fathers"—the Bard of Hope is said to have passed some of the happiest of his youthful days, a tutor in a gentleman's family.

Note XII.

Elegy on the Death of a Young Highland Nobleman. P. 96.

The Highland reader scarcely needs to be informed that the young Nobleman whose untimely death forms the subject of this Elegy was the first-born son of the present Duke of Argyle. He died in early youth;—not however before he had given high promise that, had he lived, his country would find in him all the virtues by which the best of the race of *Mac-cailean-mòr* have been distinguished. He was particulaly fond of the language, dress, music, and poetry of the Gael. It is to be hoped that his example may not be altogether lost upon those in whom the Gael have some right to expect a disposition to follow it.

Note XIII.

A Second "Iain Ruadh" *in thee.*—P. 97.

John *Roy* Campbell, second Duke of Argyle, the celebrated Warrior and Statesman. "An Diuc *Ruadh*" (red-haired\

is the appellation by which this patriotic assertor of Scot rights is still best known in the traditionary lore of country.

Note XIV.

O be thy last long slumber sweet,
By Eunda's bark-frequented strand.—P. 98.

Loch Eunda is the Gaelic name for the Holy Loch. T Loch is too well known to need a description here. Kilm on its north shore, is the burial place of the Argyle Famil

Note XV.

Our hearts were flowers that only side by side
Could flourish—Fate! oh, wherefore them divide.—P. 14

A friend tells me that an idea very similar to this may met with in Smith's "Sean Dàna." I disclaim all plagiaris but as "striking coincidences" are rather too common n a-days, for the world to believe them all the effect of chan I am very willing to yield the Voice of Cona any merit t above metaphor may possess.

THE END.

LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

In one volume, 12mo. Price 3s. neatly bound in cloth,

CLARSACH NAM BEANN; OR, POEMS AND SONGS IN GAELIC.

SECOND EDITION.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"M'COLL ranks high as a Celtic Bard. His Gaelic productions indicate a mind of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order: one of them comes under that denomination of poetry called *pastoral* or *descriptive*, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, mellifluent tones we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of the heart than the most elaborate production of art. M'COLL imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him—he dashes boldly into a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him, we never tire—never think long in his company."—***Mackenzie's Beauties of Gælic Poetry.***

"There is one Gaelic poem—'On the Death of a very young and lovely Friend'—which we have heard some of the best Gaelic scholars declare to be one of the most beautiful pieces which modern Celtic literature affords."—***Edinburgh Advertiser.***

"The poem on 'Loch-duich,' a lake in Ross-shire, indicates a mind keenly alive to the beauties of nature, with a capability both of illustrating, and enforcing them upon the attention, in a manner peculiarly felicitous. ***Glasgow Argus.***

"MR. M'COLL'S Gaelic pieces are chiefly amorous, and emanate from a heart imbued with the finest feelings of humanity. His 'Ode to Loch-duich' is inimitable. Rich in the most splendid imagery of nature, represented to our admiring gaze through the burning vista of poetic genius, we sit on the author's lips, float with him on its glassy surface, or dive into its transparent bosom. As a Celtic bard, MR. M'COLL is second to none,—and we trust that a young man, who has commenced his career so auspiciously, will yet be an honour to his country, and to the republic of letters. We do not much envy the taste of that man who will sit an hour on the mountain side without the bewitching company of '***Clarsach nam Beann.***' ***Glasgow Constitutional.***

"The 'Clarsach' displays bold *original* thinking—a quality rare among our bards—a beautiful pourtrayment of *intense* passion—love in his most ardent aspirations—and highly-finished pictures of the most sublime and romantic scenery found in the recondite bosoms of our mountain valleys. Besides this, there is in the poetry of M'COLL, occasionally, an elegance of expression, and a correctness of diction, seldom discovered in the compositions of our Gaelic poets. Instead of following that tract beaten by the 'bards' since the days of M'Codrum, and even before his days, M'COLL—conscious of superior powers—has beaten out a *new* path for himself, wherein he ambles much more gracefully than did his predecessors in the old torrent-cut tract in which they moved. This we consider its chiefest praise; it is that which stamps our author's originality, and gives his poetry a power, a richness, and a splendour, which the contracted information and confined ideas of the old bards (notwithstanding their power of language), could never, by any possibility, exhibit. To persons of discrimination these poems must give pleasure; for, some of them are very pretty, some very witty, and some of a satirical cast, which display powers in the author that might as well be allowed to remain dormant as to arouse. The lovers of the Gaelic muse cannot fail to patronize the pretty garlands of poetry into which our bard wreathes the ancient soft and expressive language of famed Caledonia."—*Inverness Herald.*

EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES OF "THE MOUNTAIN MINSTREL."

"EVAN M'COLL's Poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild, indeed, and sometimes rough are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and so striking—images and comparisons so beautiful and original—feelings so warm and *fresh*, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man. * * * His volume well deserves a niche among the curiosities of modern Literature."—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

The most recent accession to the list of Scoto-Celtic bards is EVAN M'COLL, of Lochfyneside, Argyleshire. Individuals capable of judging speak in high terms of the Gaelic verse of this young bard; and we are willing to understand that his praises have not been exaggerated. As a specimen of his English compositions, we quote the "Definition of a Poet," which, proceeding as it does from an individual whose thoughts are formed in an entirely different tongue, may be regarded in the light of a curiosity." *Chambers' Journal.*

"There is more of fancy than of imagination in the poetry of M'COLL, and more of thought and imagery than of feeling. In point, glitter, polish, he is the Moore of Highland Song. Comparison and ideality are the leading features of his mind. Some of the pieces in this volume are sparkling tissues of comparison from beginning to end. The images pass before us in quick and tantalizing succession, reminding us of the figures of a magic lantern, hurriedly drawn athwart the wall, or the patterns of a web of tapestry, seen and then lost, as they sweep over the frame. Even when compelled to form a high estimate of the wealth of the bard from the very rapidity with which he flings it before us, we cannot avoid wishing at the same time that he had learned to enjoy it a little more at his leisure. This, if a fault, however, and we doubt it after all, is a fault of genius. How proud would the ability of producing such poetry in Greek or Latin render some of our first-rate scholars, and yet such in fact has been the triumph of this Highland peasant from the shores of Lochfyne."—*Inverness Courier.*

M'COLL has that within him, if we mistake not, which will make him a name, and secure to that name a place amongst those who would now, perhaps, scorn the association. In regard to his English productions, although they exhibit those striking inequalities which might have been expected, especially in a young man writing, in some measure, in a foreign language, yet we do not hesitate to affirm, that they are interspersed with some of the sweetest flowers of poetry, and give proofs of genius capable of far higher things. There are in the volume before us, lines written on visiting Iona—which any poet of the day might, as far as fancy and true poetic feeling are concerned, be willing to acknowledge. The same sweetness, the same quiet beauty, and the same easy freedom, pervade the 'Evening Address to Lochlomond,' some stanzas of which exhibit a play of fancy and a richness of imagery, which it will no doubt shock the insolence of aristocratic pretension and imbecility to find displayed in the compositions of a Highland peasant."——*Caledonian Mercury.*

"There is a pith in the satirical pieces, and a warmth of natural feeling in those devoted to tales of love, or description of landscape, which augur well for the author's future success as a 'Mountain Bard.'——*Scotchman.*

"Besides many very pretty little Songs, the poem entitled 'The Two Sisters, or Hypocrisy and Affectation,' bespeaks shrewdness and satiric power."—*Tait's Magazine.*

"There is some real stamina in the author of the 'Mountain Minstrel.' Though it is in the tender and pathetic he more particularly excels, the 'School-Boy Love,' and 'The Two Sisters,' evince a latent talent for the humourous, which may be successfully cultivated. The best verses in the volume, however, are those addressed to 'Anna's Eyes," 'The Joy of Grief,' and the 'Evening Address to Lochlomond.'—The first is excellent." *Edinburgh Evening Post.*

"MR. M'COLL'S productions are not characterized by that variety of subjects which we could wish, but they breathe a fine feeling throughout, which more than compensates for any paucity of topic. Our favourite of his English pieces, is his 'Address to Iona,' that 'thrice hallowed island of the wave,' as he so happily designates it. We were struck with the felicity of diction—the energy of expression—if not with the unmistaken marks of genius, which the Minstrel displays in this as well as in many other of his poems."—*Glasgow Constitutional.*

'The Mountain Minstrel writes in a healthy, natural, and spirited vein, with warm and manly feelings."—*Glasgow Courier.*

"M'COLL bids fair to equal the best rustic bards which Scotland has ever produced Nor may the term 'rustic' be applied to all his productions: there are several of them as finely polished, as beautiful in poetic sentiment, and as full of passion as those conceived by Byron himself at the commencement of his career."—*Forres Gazette.*

"A volume of poetry of more than ordinary merit. Its young enthusiastic author is possessed of a vivid imagination and a highly poetical temperament; hence his poetry is characterised by a flow of feeling and and fancy which, while it excites the admiration of the reader, seldom fails to find its way to his heart."—*Elgin Courant.*

"M'COLL's verses give proof of his being born a poet. * * * It is subject of much pleasure to find that the sentiments entertained by our young bard are of a genuine patriotic description, and that in him we possess a friend to freedom, and the rights, liberties, and privileges of the people."

"This work cannot fail to make his name a familiar one with all who are capable of appreciating talent, taste, and true poetry."—*John O'Groat Journal.*

"The merits of MR. M'COLL as a poet have been admitted by the Scottish press generally, and we willingly and cordially recommend his work to the patronage of his countrymen. When we consider the circumstances of the bard—the advantages as to education, &c. which he possessed, the refinement of sentiment and feeling, and language observable in these poems, must strike the reader with astonishment. Altogether his book is such as has not emanated from a 'peasant bard' since the days of Burns."—*Inverness Herald.*